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Problem Child of American Literature

Walt Whitman Was a Solvent of Contradictions and Confusions

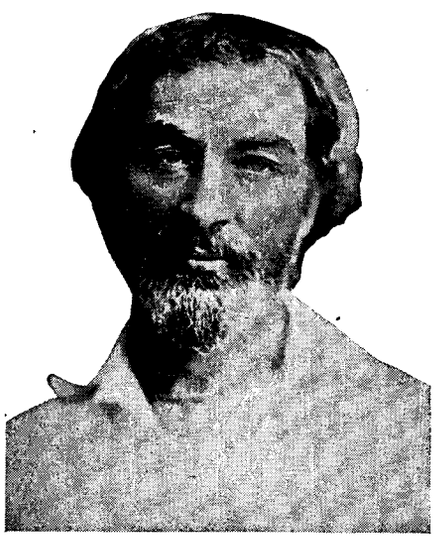
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WALT WHITMAN is destined to become—perhaps has already become—a legend in American history. Like one of his heroes, George Washington, the poet of democracy has assumed some of the qualities of myth. His ample figure and tumultuously bearded face are more familiar than his writing, which is more quoted from than read in its entirety; and indeed his face, which he put on view at every opportunity, has the symbolic and representative character of the statues of Alexander, the powerfully jawed portraits of Washington, the brooding photographs of Lincoln in his later years.

For this legend of a representative man of heroic stature, neither the earlier worshipful studies nor the later factual, and far more accurate, biographies of Whitman give an adequate explanation. There was only one brief period of his external life which could be called even mildly heroic, and he himself so frequently and reverentially celebrated his services in the hospitals of the Civil War, that more than one misguided enemy has charged him with creating a legend which had little basis in fact.

There is not only a Whitman legend, but also many quite unheroic facts and a good deal of innuendo in the many books about Whitman. Readers of some of these books retain a picture which is superficial, though it has much truth. They remember best Whitman as he was in his maturity, a rubicund bearded man, egotistical, idolized by a circle of friends which contained no great names, slandered or misunderstood by most of the intellectuals of his own country, unknown to the masses of which he professed to write, a prophet without honor except among a few, and too many of that few outside of the United States. They recall that, when pursuing the great career which Emerson prophesied, he used (with pathetic unsuccess) every means of publicity, fair and dubious, from pose to self-glorification. They think of an old man, paralyzed, sitting in an untidy room among drifts of letters and manuscripts, scratching out with his cane documents of long-dead controversies and tributes to his genius, in order to help his disciples build up a legend of greatness in which the plain facts of an uneventful life would be obscured or forgotten. That is how he is remembered by many who do know his history—and it is all true, but only part of the truth.

For the truth of the matter is that a satisfactory biography of Whitman must be essentially a biography of an inner life and of the mysterious creative processes of poetry. It was in Whitman's inner life that the great things, some of them heroic, happened. It is his inner life that infused into the "Leaves of Grass" such greatness as it possesses, which is far more than his contemporaries guessed. When the middle-aged poet wrote of the "Leaves," "Who touches this touches a man," he was telling the literal truth. We all distrust interpretive biographies, but the biography of Whitman has to be interpretive, because the sources for an account of what is really significant in his life are in his writings. Walt's visible life in the theatres of New York, on the streets of Brooklyn, in the hospitals of Washington, and in his room at Camden is a by-product of that inner life, which itself was conditioned by influences as much spiritual as physical. And the American that he created in his poems, out of what his eyes saw and his ears heard, was meant from the beginning to be a symbol of a faith and a dream.



This daguerreotype of Walt Whitman was probably made in the 1840's during his editorship of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

So here we have the problem child of American literature—a just term, for in some respects Whitman never outgrew his adolescence. And here also the prophet—or better the seer—of American democracy—a just term also, for no other poet, and no other prose writer but Lincoln, made its ideals entirely articulate. The problem child constantly reached for what he could not grasp, and left much of his work in confusion—a confusion which unfortunately has been reflected in many of the early books about him. The seer, with one of the most perceptive and prophetic minds in modern history, dealt in dreams and faiths with a realism which shocked and an egotism that repelled his contemporaries. The poet — the very great poet—like a young trotting horse of native strain, broke constantly into uneven and irregular gaits, and was seldom at his best for more than a score of lines at a time; nor did he try to keep to poetry when prose would serve his ends.

THE solvent of these seeming contradictions and confusions is not to be found in a pedestrian chronicle of Walt's daily doings. This biographer and that, using hints or boastings, or the dubious evidence of poems, has endeavored to spice this daily life with hypothetical journeys, unverified quadroon lovers, illegitimate children, and dark suggestions of vice and degeneracy. Yet even if all these stories about Whitman's hidden activities were true, they would not account for a passionate fervor that has deeper and more burning sources. They would not, most emphatically, account for his slow emergence as the great poet of democracy and one of the great poets of love. The clues to the so-called mystery of Walt Whitman are not to be found in unrevealed scraps of personal experience, but in the unique history of the electric America in which he matured, an America charged with spiritual idealism, double-charged with intellectual and physical energy; and in his inner life, as conditioned by his youth in

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that America. Also, of course, in his psychology and physiology, both of which were unusual. They will not be easy to follow, nor are the results easy to describe with both a just appreciation and a critical detachment. But it can be done.

And is worth doing, for though a poseur sometimes, and often a careless carpenter of words, seven great achievements, of which any literature might be proud, can now be safely credited to Walt Whitman. He made articulate and gave an enduring life in the imagination to the American dream of a continent where the people should escape from the injustices of the past and establish a new and better life in which everyone would share. He made articulate and best defined for the imagination the democratic faith which was and is the only binding national force in the United States. He established an ideal for international democracy which has proved to be as prophetic of danger as it is shrewd and noble in its ideas. Next, speaking for hearty physical man, workers, lovers, eaters, and drinkers, he burst through the inhibitions of the genteel age and put sex back into literature as a partner with spirit. Also, he broke with the timidities of the intellectuals of the Eastern seaboard, who were still colonial and imitative of England in their culture, and tried to speak for a new and still inarticulate America. Furthermore, he is the pivot in American history on which we swing from the sectional and the provincial to the national and continental in our literature. And he did what only really great writers have done, he made a great style to express himself and his country in poetry—although, unfortunately, he by no means always used it.

Many still think of Walt Whitman as a crank, a freak, or a barbarian. For their benefit, let me set down in advance the factors of this man's life which any biography must narrate and explain. Self-educated, though more widely educated than is commonly supposed, a poet certainly from the beginning, but curiously inarticulate, imitative, or vacuous in the usual literary forms of his youth, Walt Whitman made himself a skilful and influential political journalist, conventional and conformist except in a strong bent toward liberal humanitarianism. At the beginning of what could have been a great editorial success, the controversies preceding the Civil War left him without a party. But before that had happened, an intense perceptiveness, working like yeast in his inner life, had reached his consciousness and powerfully stirred the imagination. His interest

"Walt Whitman Inciting the Bird of Freedom to Soar." From Max Beerbohm's "The Poet's Corner."

shifted from the respectable bourgeois reader of his editorials to the plain unreading man, the toiler, the pioneer, the common person, man or woman, set free to rise in a new continent of unexampled freedom and richness. His emotions warmed with ideas of the common gift to all mankind of physical and spiritual passion.

Guessing rightly that from these plain people and from this common ground the new America, and perhaps the new world, would be made, he believed with all his strength that a fresh culture must be made for democracy, based, of course, upon the past, but rich and broad and simple and hearty enough to civilize the American breed. This culture was already present, but inarticulate except for its crudest wants, and inarticulate particularly in its loves, its faiths, and its dreams. He determined to learn how to speak for it, and painfully, crudely set to work, with too little taste to know when, or even how, he failed, and too great a passion to be discouraged by what, for years, was an almost complete unsuccess with the general reader. Yet he did make himself the mouthpiece of a new language about, if not for, the common man, finding subject matter new to literature in the full-blooded, largely illiterate, yet intensely ambitious masses of America.

The man, indeed, was like a radio in the making, whose aerial was catching waves not yet registered by polite literature. And it was his good fortune that the attempt was made in precisely the period in which the unprivileged man of the masses was given his widest opportunities in history, and socially and politically came of age.

* * *

THE century was closing when Whitman died. Its cycle was over, its forces were already passing into new tensions and balances. In six years more his country ended its three-quarters of a century of isolationism and plunged into an egregious foreign war. Power, generated by the vast energies of expansion, was shaping a new and different world. Science was becoming a commodity. The little cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon threatening democracy had no longer its prophet to warn us. In America, poetry was imitative or trivial. In England, Rudyard Kipling, another great maker of chants (and far more singable songs), was celebrating, not the future of democracy, but the glories of an empire whose end, as empire, was near at hand. The "Leaves" were already fluttering abroad, in many languages, gaining disciples, yet, like Emerson's essays, more often stirring imaginations to new and original achievements. But Whitman, the buffalo-headed wild man, the rather admirable old freak; the vulgar sexualist, about whom there had been so much talk, was safely dead—so must have thought—so did think—many a refined and respectable editor and critic of the nineties.

The judgment was premature. "Liberty, let others despair of thee, But I never despair of thee," Walt had written in his prime. He never despaired of an understanding audience somewhere, sometime, and he was right. Centuries do not die, they live on in their consequences. And so it was to be with him.

The personality of Walt Whitman is elusive. Even though he speaks so often and so much of "personalism," even when his gait, his clothes, his face, his voice have been described at length, still the man's inner individuality escapes from the record. We fail to fetch him. The delusively simple and affectionate Walt of the letters and of his own autobiographies is easy to grasp, but for that "essential me" of which he was always writing, there seems to be no sharp-angled core of individual being.

With many writers of genius, the personality, like the style, becomes more and more a definite, definable entity as you read and study. With some, like Henry Thoreau, it is clearly the most important aspect of the man as artist; more important, in a literary sense, than his ideas. Thoreau was God's spy in Concord, and every bird and flower and every river or forest thought took on his mind's

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color and became part of his inner life.

But Walt Whitman was not that kind of genius at all. He has no core in which experience is assimilated. He is more like a funnel for the sensations and the wandering ideas of his world. They flow in, they flow out, channeled toward democracy, made articulate by his style. When he has phrased them, they become, as he says, himself. He is a powerful voice responding to the stimulus of inspiration. Desires burn through him, he speaks with the tongues of the angels, or shouts for the en-masse; but as a personality—like Doctor Johnson, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, like Chaucer, like Thoreau—he escapes into words.

John Keats understood this occasional attribute of genius. After talking with Brown and Dilke one day, "It struck me," he said, "what quality went to form a Man of Achievement, and which Shakespeare possessed so enormously — I mean *Negative Capability*, that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason. Coleridge, for instance, would let go by a fine isolated verisimilitude caught from the Penetralium of mystery, from being incapable of remaining content with half-knowledge. . . . With a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration."

It was not beauty, as Keats understood beauty, that was always, or even often, Whitman's consideration. His negative capability was a power to absorb into the imagination a new democratic world whose beauty was strange, unfamiliar, often dissonant; and his poetry was not checked by attempts to analyze fine isolated verisimilitudes discovered by intuition.

Intent upon a task not yet amenable to fact and reason, he was like the Hebrew prophets who had no private life that mattered. He might be compared to Gabriel in that great American folk play, "The Green Pastures"; a simple fellow, but he could blow the Last Trump! He belongs with Homer, who seems to have been content to make immortal the memories and faiths of an age, not with Euripides or Plato. He resembled Washington rather than Jefferson. He was the actor who makes Hamlet live, not Hamlet himself.

How great a man for the American nineteenth century was Whitman by comparison with these famous names, is not the question. I am saying here merely that "missing me one place search another" holds for his personality, and the search may be long. what he had was something greater than personality, though at a risk which all oracles, whether of Delphi or of Brooklyn, must take when, losing themselves in inspiration, they become prophetic, or vacuous, or sometimes both. Yet though it is difficult to grasp and hold and be sure of Walt Whitman's personality, it is impossible today to escape his voice. Wherever he is waiting, we seem to have caught up, and we tune to his wave easily. For this generation he is intelligible and dynamic. We accept, as the nineteenth century would not, his confident assertion:

> What I assume you shall assume,
> For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

The foregoing article, composed of parts of its first and last chapters, is drawn from Dr. Canby's forthcoming biography, "Walt Whitman: An American," to be published by Houghton Mifflin.

Posterity Looks Back at the Critics

I FIND "Leaves of Grass" the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. It meets the demand I am always making of what seems the sterile and stingy Nature, as if too much handiwork or too much lympa in the temperament were making our Western wits fat and mean. I find incomparable things, said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment which so delights us, and which large perception only can inspire. . . . The beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start. I rubbed my eyes a little, to see if this sunbeam were no illusion; but the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty. —RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1855
Letter to Whitman, July 21.

Squeamish readers must hold their noses, for the writer does not hesitate to bring the slop-bucket into the drawing room. . . . There is much that is repulsive to the ordinary mind in these things and in the poems that really express them; but as huge reptiles help to fashion the pedestal of man, as artists find in griffins and crouching animal forms the fundamental vitality upon which the statue or pillar may repose one might not unreasonably find in the wild and grotesque forms of Walt Whitman's chants, so instinct with life, the true basis of any shaft, not the duplicate of any raised elsewhere, that American thought is to raise.
—MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY, 1866
Walt Whitman, Fortnightly Review.

As everything that he has written is easily included in one medium-sized volume, it must be supposed that this increasing audience is not due to freshness of matter brought before the public at frequent intervals, but to the something inherent and of value in the old. But, with this increase, the audience is even now but a limited one. It is a minority, and a small minority; yet it has in its range some of the distinguished names of the century. Emerson is one of them, though perhaps Emerson may be reckoned as one of the earlier heralds of enthusiasm, whose glow and fervor faltered a little in the heat of the day, which later made the atmosphere about Mr. Whitman something of a trial-test to his admirers. . . . Thoreau, too, "that austere spirit," testifies in his last volume to his great esteem for Whitman, and, greater than all, Thomas Carlyle, that fiery router and detester of shams, considers Walt Whitman "a man furnished for the highest of all enterprises—that of being the poet of his age." . . .

The real American poet is Walt Whitman—a man enormously greater than Longfellow or any other of his poetic compatriots.
—WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI, 1878
Lives of Famous Poets.

It is perhaps only because he was brought up a printer, and worked during his early years as newspaper and magazine writer, that he has put his expression in typographical form, and made a regular book of it, with lines, leaves, and binding. —SELWYN GEORGE, 1885, *The Critic.*

When I think of that gray head, gently bowing before the contempt of the literary class in America, when I think that Boston crowns Emerson and turns aside from the spirit potent enough to create a hundred Emersons and leave strength sufficient for the making of the whole Bostonian cosmogony, from Lowell upwards, I for a moment lose patience with a mighty nation; but only for a moment: the voice of my gentle master sounds in my ear, and I am reminded that if he is great and good, it is because he represents the greatness and goodness of a free and noble people.
—ROBERT BUCHANAN, 1886
A Look Round Literature.

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I've read "Leaves of Grass," and found it rather pleasant, but little new or original; the portrait the best thing. Of course, to call it poetry in any sense, would be mere abuse of language.

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, 1857, *Letter to W. M. Rosetti.*

They have neither rhyme nor metre, neither form nor melody. His poetry, although well received in England, has but few admirers in America, and has been very justly characterized as "mere dirty rubbish, full of blatancy and obscenity." —JAMES BALDWIN, 1882

English Literature and Literary Criticism.

As we know the thought and life of early England through its druids and bards, so I suppose it is intended that Walt Whitman shall be the recorder of our early nationality. Future scholars or patriots in the time when America has grown old in word and deed, and no longer wears the freshness of youth, will go to his book for refreshment, and drink from it promise of the future, because the past has been true and unaffected. Other books there are, certainly, which will help to form the foundation of a great national literature; but none so smack of the very soil, none grow out of it as do "Leaves of Grass."

—HARRISON S. MORRIS, 1888
The Poetry of Walt Whitman, The American, July 7.

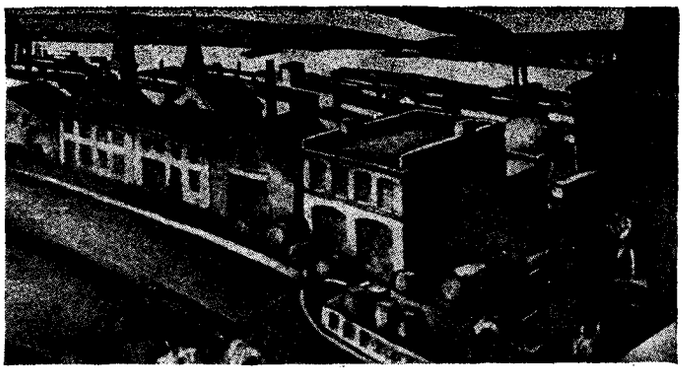
The reader may scan page after page without perceiving an image boldly and clearly drawn. If obscurity is a virtue, much of this author's work has merit; but he does not fulfil the requirements of the literary artist. In style, not only is he open to criticism, but in thought as well. In his "Children of Adam," he gives utterance to ideas that verge on indecency. . . . No author is justified in using words and expressions that would create a vulgar thought in the minds of even the outcast from society.

—WILLIS BOUGHTON, 1892
Walt Whitman, The Arena.

Everyone who so far has ventured on the reading of "Leaves of Grass" has had the following experiences: After the perusal of the first few pages it has seemed to him that the book must have been the work of a madman. Soon, however, he has been suddenly arrested by an original thought which has revealed to him the meaning of what he has so far read, and has irresistibly urged him to read further. He has found himself, then, in the condition of the magician's pupil in Goethe's ballad, who is unable to free himself from the spirits which he has called up.

—KARL KNORTZ, 1893.

It has been a melancholy task to read this book; ("Drum-Taps") and it is a still more melancholy one to write it. Perhaps since the day of Mr. Tupper's "Philosophy" there has been no more difficult reading of the poetic sort. . . . It may be rough, it may be grim, it may be clumsy—such we take to be the author's argument—but it is sincere, it is sublime, it appeals to the soul of man, it is the voice of a people. A great deal of verse that is nothing but words has, during the war, been sympathetically sighed over and cut out of newspaper corners, because it has possessed a certain simple melody. But Mr. Whitman's verse, we are confident, would have failed even of this triumph, for the simple reason that no triumph, however small, is won but through the exercise of art, and that this volume is an offense against art. It is not enough to be grim and rough and careless; common sense is also necessary, for it is by common sense we are judged. There exists in even the commonest minds, in literary matters, a certain precise instinct of conservatism, which is very shrewd in detecting



—From the mural by John F. Holmer

wanton eccentricities. To this instinct Mr. Whitman's attitude seems monstrous because it pretends to persuade the soul while it slights the intellect; because it pretends to gratify the feelings while it outrages the taste. The point is that it does this *on theory,* wilfully, consciously, arrogantly. It is the little nursery game of "open your mouth and shut your eyes." Our hearts are often touched through a compromise with the artistic sense, but never in direct violation of it.

—HENRY JAMES, 1865,
The Nation.

"The Leaves of Grass" is redeemed by few grand descriptive passages from absolute barbarism both of manner and matter. It is a glorification of nature in her most unabashed forms, an audacious protest against all that civilization has done to raise men above savage state. The "Drum Taps," a set of generally vigorous pictures of the war, are less objectionable; the dirge on Lincoln in particular has many qualities of a noble elegy,—the imagery is rich though sometimes fantastic, and there is here and there a wild music in the composition,—but it is still, defaced by pedantic words and unjustifiable, because unnecessary, novelties of phrase.

—JOHN NICHOL, 1875, *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

No man of high capacity could be so tumid and tautological as Whitman;—could talk, for instance, of the "fluid wet" of the sea; or speak of the aroma of his armpits, or make the crass and vile mistake of bringing into light what nature veils, and confounding liberty with dissolute anarchy. The poet of democracy he is not; but his books may serve to buoy, for the democracy of America, those shallows and sunken rocks on which, if it is cast, it must inevitably, amid the hootings of mankind, be wrecked. . . . This is the political philosophy of Bedlam, unchained in these ages chiefly through the influence of Rousseau, which has blasted the hopes of freedom wherever it has had the chance, and which must be chained up again with ineffable contempt if the self-government of nations is to mean anything else than the death and putrescence of civilization. Incapable of true poetical originality, Whitman had the cleverness to invent a literary trick, and the shrewdness to stick to it.

—PETER BAYNE, 1875, *Contemporary Review.*

That glorious man Whitman will one day be known as one of the greatest sons of Earth, a few steps below Shakespeare on the throne of immortality.

—WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI, 1869
Letter to Mrs. Gilchrist.

The truth is, that if closely examined, Whitman, instead of being a true democrat, is simply the most incorrigible of aristocrats masquing in a peasant's costume, and his

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poetry, instead of being the natural outcome of a fresh young democracy, is a product which would be impossible except in a highly civilized society.

—SIDNEY LANIER, 1881, *The English Novel.*

These are quite glorious things you have sent me. Who is Walt (Walter?) Whitman, and is much of him like this?

—JOHN RUSKIN, 1879
Letter to William Harrison Riley.

Whether he may greatly influence the future or not, he is a notable symptom of the present. As a sign of the times, it would be hard to find his parallel. I should hazard a large wager, for instance, that he was not unacquainted with the works of Herbert Spencer; and yet where, in all the history books, shall we lay our hands on two more incongruous contemporaries? Mr. Spencer so decorous—I had almost said, so dandy—in dissent; and Whitman, like a large shaggy dog, just unchained, scouring the beaches of the world and baying at the moon. And when was an echo more curiously like a satire, than when Mr. Spencer found his Synthetic Philosophy reverberated from the other shores of the Atlantic in the "barbaric yawp" of Whitman?

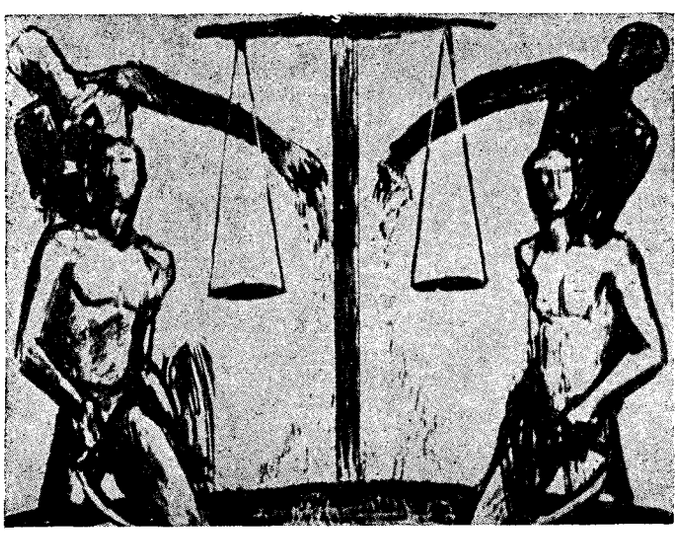
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1882
Familiar Studies of Men and Books.

He stands there in his stricken old age, contemplating with serene, nay with still glowing eyes, the vast growth of his beloved nation, refusing to despair over its diseases, looking steadfastly to a golden age beyond; the most significant living figure in American literature. But the poetry of Whitman, ill-smelted as so much of it is, cataloguial as is so much of his transcription from life, and lacking as his song so often is in music, somehow does not seem thus marked for doom even in respect of his didacticism. And the reason would seem to be not merely that this message is the intense expression of his deepest passion, but that the passion is the very flower of the life of the race thus far, and carries in it the seeds of things to come. He cannot soon be left behind—he has gone so far before.

—JOHN ROBERTSON, 1884
Walt Whitman, Poet, Democrat.

As a poet, no amount of improvement that self-knowledge and self-culture might have brought to bear upon such exceptionally raw material could ever have raised him higher than a station to which his homely and manly patriotism would be the best claim that could be preferred for him, a seat beside such writers as Ebenezer Elliott—or possibly a little higher, on such an elevation as might be occupied by a poet whom careful training had reared and matured into a rather inferior kind of Southey.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, 1887
Fortnightly Review.



—From the mural by Maurice Sterne

Yes, Walt Whitman has appeared. He has his place upon the stage. The drama is not ended. His voice is still heard. He is the poet of Democracy—of all people. He is the poet of the body and soul. He has sounded the note of individuality. He has given the pass-word primeval. He is the Poet of Humanity—of Intellectual Hospitality. He has voiced the aspirations of America—and, above all, he is the poet of Love and Death.

—ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, 1890
Liberty in Literature.

There is much imperfection in his work. In fact, but little is perfect. Let us say it while there is yet opportunity. A time will come when Walt Whitman—the so-long ignored (except by a few among whom were those who scorned, insulted, persecuted him), afterwards the butt of the irrepressible witling:—nay, perhaps the day is coming fast when it will be heresy, presumption, folly to suggest that this Walt Whitman is not perfect and complete.

—ARTHUR LYNCH, 1891. *Modern Authors.*

To him the dirtiest puddle reflects the beauty of the skies. We have heard of a child who wept on being told that a flower she admired was nothing but a weed. To Whitman there are no weeds in the world. With the child's simple eye to nature he takes them all for plants of precipitous growth, bearing each one of them, buried deep, perhaps, within its calyx, the seed of perfection. And in this he is not like the child, that his trust can be destroyed by the first rude unthinking hand.

—PAULINE W. ROOSE, 1892, *Gentleman's Magazine.*

What is he? What is his class? Is he the Homer of America? What will he be to posterity? If answers to these questions were obtained from the knowing ones in the world of letters, the result would show some interesting contrasts. Even judging him through his devoted little band of adherents, the result of his great theory of "formlessness" is notably against him, for the poem which they admire most and point to before all others is the fine one, "O Captain, my Captain"; and—it is most significant—this comes nearer to conventional form than anything else in Whitman's whole collection.

—C. D. LANIER, 1892
Walt Whitman, The Chautauquan.

It is a curious phase of Whitman's greatness—this intense personal following. There has been nothing like it in the history of letters. Johnson had only one Boswell. No man, apparently, could come near Whitman without being swayed from his own orbit. John Burroughs appears to be almost the only man who, knowing him very well, is able to stand up straight after it. . . . "I am not a Comtist nor a Buddhist nor a Whitmanite," a friend writes me. Is it any wonder that Whitman had the foresight to enter protest:

I call the world to distrust the acounts of my friends, but listen to my enemies, as I myself do.
I charge you forever reject those who would expound me, for I cannot expound my self,
I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of me,
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free.

—JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY, 1898, *The Critic.*

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Prisoners from the Master Race

How to Avoid an Insidious Humanitarianism

JOHN MASON BROWN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lieutenant John Mason Brown, U.S.N.R., served as Bridge Announcer on the flagship of Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk, which took part in the invasion of Sicily. Daily, after the second day out from America, Lieut. Brown was heard over the ship's loudspeaker system—an assignment he received from Admiral Kirk, who believed that in a democratic war the men "have a right to know what's going on." One of Lieut. Brown's broadcasts concerned the capture of German and Italian prisoners, a transcript of which appears here. Later this fall, Whittlesey House will publish the broadcasts in a book, "To All Hands; An Amphibious Adventure."*

YESTERDAY and today prisoners, German and Italian, have jammed the jetty. They have jammed the jetty, these prisoners, *and* filled our minds with difficult questions. Among these questions must be counted such a teaser as, Which have been the more interesting—the prisoners or our own reactions to them? The prisoners, back from two fronts of the war, have been crowded on the jetty where less than two weeks ago our own troops were waiting long and patiently, in equal discomfort, before setting out to war. But what a difference between going out to win and coming back conquered!

These men, herded together or filing past on the jetty, have been Italians: dark, small, often wretchedly equipped though cheerful remnants of Mussolini's imperial armies. Sometimes they have looked less like picked roosters than like picked capons. Or these prisoners have been Germans, blond, bronzed, muscular, in fine physical condition; Germans who once were soldiers and, as such, proud members of Hitler's Afrika Korps.

Today's Italian crop was a reminder of our own Sicilian visit. Yesterday's harvest was a reminder, not of the Sicilian show, but of the African invasion; in particular, the Tunisian campaign. As yesterday's prisoners straggled along in the blazing sun, leaving the bull pen, they raised both dust and ghosts. They were covered by American tommy-guns and rifles. They were barked at by tough American top sergeants. Or they were ordered about briskly by a lean, bemonocled English colonel. While they have squatted in the scant shade of the jetty's cement wall, waiting to board big British liners or our own transports, these prisoners have been a sweaty, smelly, docile lot.

Did I say they have raised ghosts? What ghosts? Ghosts of those dark, perilous days when Tobruk fell; when the British had been pushed back; when the Germans were practically at the gates of Alexandria; when Rommel was a name feared 'round the world; when the Hitlerian nightmare threatened to become a Mediterranean reality.

These prisoners have raised other ghosts, too. Memories of the relief and wonder felt by us because of the British victory at El Alamein; memories of General Montgomery and General Alexander, and of the Eighth Army, which is even now winning fresh distinction for itself in Sicily; memories of the joy and hope ignited by our own invasion of Africa; of the stiff months of fighting which followed, that made our own Sicilian invasion possible, and hence brought both us and these prisoners here.

Anyone who has looked at these prisoners or listened to the comments the mere sight of them has provoked aboard the *Spelvin* must know the questions they have raised, even if the right answers remain elusive.

"Dawn on the Signal Bridge," a painting by Tom Lea commissioned by *Life* magazine.

There was the tough school of thought; the fellows to be envied, in a way, because for them it was all so simple. They said, "We ought to line the bastards up and mow 'em down with a machine gun."

Then there were the middle-of-the-roaders. They said, "Yes, perhaps. But we couldn't do that. They've surrendered, and International Law says . . . Sure, they present an awful problem. But, after all, they were only doing their duty as they saw it. And don't forget, our men are taken prisoner too."

Finally, there were the out-and-out humanitarians. They said, "These guys are wrong, as we see it. Still, they are human beings, and we're Americans, not Nazis, and the Bible says . . ." Accordingly, even without bartering with them for souvenirs, these men tossed the prisoners cigarettes and candy. And smiled on them. And in general treated them as they would like to be done unto had the situation been reversed.

Meanwhile the prisoners have been marched off to their ships or rounded up in the bull pen before being transferred elsewhere. Meanwhile an order has been issued which directs very clearly that "fraternization between Army and Navy personnel with prisoners of war will cease immediately. This includes talking with prisoners, except in the line of duty, negotiating for souvenirs, giving of cigarettes, etc., etc."

In other words, that IS that.

STILL, one cannot help wondering about the disturbing differences between an enemy unseen, impersonal, still fighting, death-dealing, and merciless, and an enemy close at hand, captured, defenseless, seen away from the heat of actual battle, and seen as a humilitated individual rather than a vigilant foe.

Before becoming too sentimental about these prisoners, particularly these Nazi prisoners, let's go back to the record of the party to which these men subscribed, of which they were a part, and in which most of them undoubtedly still believe. Run through the whole black list of that party's sins. Think of its public crimes —the Dollfuss assassination, of what happened in the Sudetenland, in Austria, in Czechoslovakia, and Poland Think of Amsterdam, of France, of Belgium, of Norway; of what England and Russia have withstood; and of what would have been our own fate, had they not done as they did.

Remember, when exchanging a smile or a cigarette with one of these prisoners, what precisely such pathetic individuals as we saw have done to others far more pathetic.

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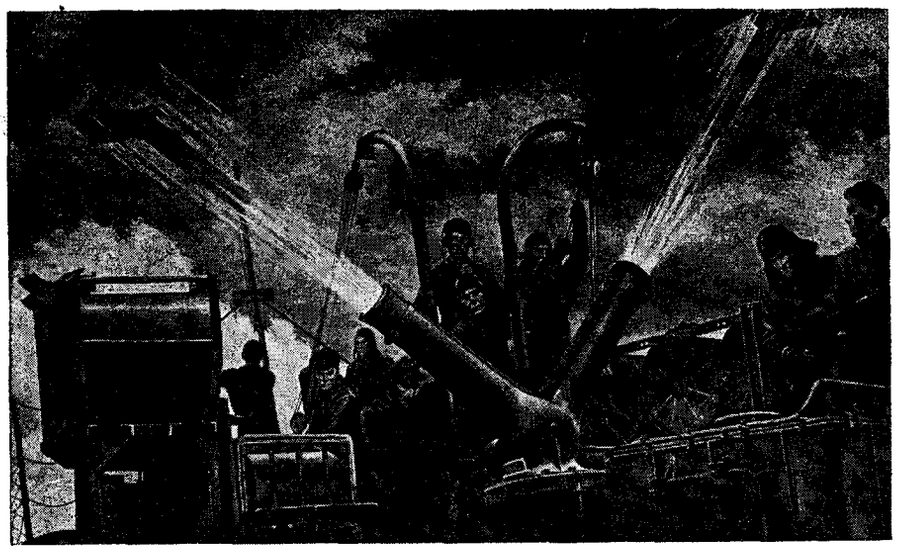

Tom Lea's painting for *Life* magazine, "Tossing Tin Cans."

when these prisoners were not prisoners and the world was opening up for them like their bad oyster.

Remember their barbarities when they have been lost in the anonymity of uniformed squads. Remember the horror for which they, or their brothers and their cousins or their friends, have been responsible in their concentration camps. Remember the old people they have dispossessed and put to hard labor, knowing that hard labor would cost these old people their lives. Remember the entire villages they have moved away without mercy, herding their inhabitants into cold trains, expatriating them, sending them to certain death in faraway places.

Remember how, in the darkness of what might have been friendly nights, the heavy boots of these men, or men of their kind, have clattered up to the doors of the innocent to evict them. Think of the priests they have tormented; of the indignities and cruelties beyond reckoning they have heaped upon the Jews. Remember how they have perverted the once glorious heritage of German scholarship into a library of deliberate lies, where no pretense of liberty exists.

Remember how they have murdered and pillaged in the name of a superior race. Remember their dreams of conquest and the treatment they have meted out to those people whose countries they have overrun. Remember that Bible of the new disorder, "Mein Kampf." Remember the shame of those great mass demonstrations, at which just such vigorous young Germans as we have seen have gladly surrendered their freedom to the whims of a leader. Remember that, even when we were in Sicily, one of our paratroopers has reported that, from a bush in which he had landed, he saw Germans—not unlike these Germans—riddle the body of another American paratrooper with bullets as he came down in a tree; indeed, not only riddle his friend's body with bullets but cover it with gasoline and burn it gleefully after he was dead. Remember all these things, and one's pity for these prisoners becomes properly tempered.

THE point is not that these Germans, from a cattle-breeder's standpoint, are great, strapping huskies who can on occasion smile and murmur expressions of gratitude and touch our too-easily-touched hearts. It is not the bodies of these men, however formidable, which are our enemies. It is their minds. These have been corrupted by beliefs which, in Hitler's proud boast, have "brutalized" their holders. These beliefs are contrary to everything in which we ourselves believe and for which we hope. They not only contradict, they deny and imperil, what are the foundations of our faith.

If we are here instead of being at home; if we are in a world at war instead of going about our peaceful business; if our wounded were being unloaded here yesterday, these men, individually so touching, are the reason for our being here; these men, because of their conditioning, their convictions, and their misdeeds. Even the chocolate-givers and the cigarette-tossers among us seemed to sense this when ambulances lined the jetty, nosing their way among these prisoners and discharging stretcher-load after stretcher-load of our wounded. The candy and tobacco giving came to a halt then, a halt as spontaneous as it was abrupt. A hush settled over the jetty and the ship alongside.

If we are soft, these prisoners are not. Make no mistake about this. Our decencies are their strongest weapons. It is a compliment to our hearts that they can be blitzed so easily, but it is no compliment to our heads.

Now for some details about these prisoners. I found one German who spoke a little English. He told me he and his companions had been in Africa for about two years. He said the unit alongside of us was the famous Afrika Korps. He was happy to have the war over for himself, and not unhappy at the thought of going to America. He also said, as the appearance of his companions proved, that the "C" rations they had been eating had agreed with them. He was a mousey man who beamed when spoken to, and whose eyes seemed to fill with tears as he spoke. He made his tug at the sympathies, all right. But fine as were the bodies of the men around him, their faces were not the faces of the ideal Master Race. Although they had little hatred in them, they had less enlightenment. Their real tragedy—and ours—is that they appeared to be unregenerate and in years beyond regeneration.

If you wonder why, before boarding their ships, these prisoners were deprived of their razor blades, their tobacco tins, and all tinned goods, the reason has to do with their being unregenerate. They place a low value on all life, including their own lives. On a previous return trip to the States, prisoners just like these men who so touched our sympathies are said to have used their razor blades, or any sharp thing they could lay their hands to, in order to slash the life belts to ribbons. Their hope was to make death certain for everyone aboard, should any of the Fuehrer's submarines, by some blessed chance, sink the vessel.

The Germans are reported to treat our prisoners according to the requirements of the Geneva Convention; in fact, to treat them as well as we treat theirs. Remembering our own prisoners in German or Italian hands, let's trust that these German and Italian prisoners are treated according to the requirements of International Law. No better, no worse. But just because they are prisoners, do not forget they are enemies, scoffers at what we hold dear, haters of the values we cherish. Most of these Germans still believe in and would fight again for what we have no other choice than to loathe.

They are the world's problem children, these men, only they are man-sized.

Back the Attack with War Bonds

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Almanac for Fall Reading

Some Highlights Among the New Books

AMY LOVEMAN

October 18

The Rt. Hon. Lord Vansittart, former Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs **of Great Britain, has compressed** into "Lessons of my Life" (Knopf) the deductions of a long political experience. . . . William Haynes makes dramatically apparent the contribution which science has made to modern warfare in "The Chemical Front" **(Knopf).** . . . In "Makers of Modern Strategy" (Princeton University Press) **twenty authorities on military affairs** have united, under the **editorship of** Edward Mead Earle, in a panoramic survey of all aspects of modern total war. . . . Walter Millis furnishes a **Foreword to a series of pen portraits** of the bigwigs in our Army in "These Are the Generals" (Knopf). . . . **Fritz Kunkel launches a psychological** expedition "In Search of Maturity" (Scribners). . . . Ciro Alegria, prize-winning novelist in Farrar & Rinehart's Latin-American fiction competition, depicts a simple Peruvian river tribe as impetuous and unexpected as the **stream along which they live,** in his romance, "The Golden Serpent." . . . **Two women of an older generation** and one of a younger, a tender **love idyll,** and the years during and between **two world wars** are woven into an interesting **novel, through which the theme of anti-semitism** is run like a dark thread, in Bruno Frank's "One Fair Daughter" **(Viking).**

October 19

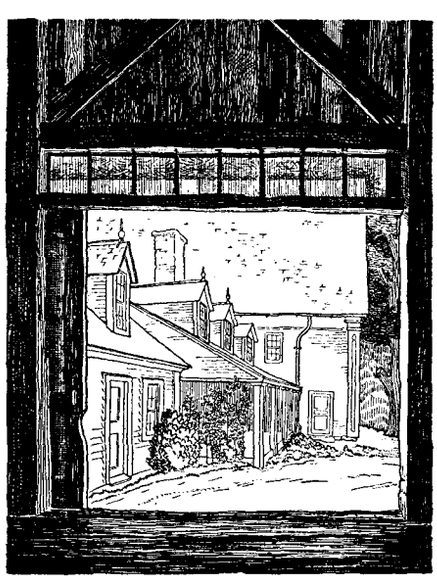
Herbert Freyn discusses "New China's New Deal" (Macmillan). . . . **Further** light on problems of the Orient in K. M. Panniker's "The Future of S. E. Asia" (Macmillan). . . . Charles McNichols who, despite the fact that he was white, was brought up among the Indians of an Arizona reservation, reviews his experiences as a member of both races in "Crazy Weather" (Macmillan). . . . Elizabeth Lindsay Lomax strips interesting material from the tree of history in "Leaves from an Old Washington Diary: 1854-1863" (Dutton).

October 20

Basil Mathews's title explains itself in "United We Stand" **(Little, Brown).** . . . The Harper Prize Novel Award goes to Martin Flavin for **"Journey in the Dark,"** a story of American life. . . . Buttress against any possible boredom on long, gasless winter evenings, "A Treasury of Science" (Harpers) in which the editors, Harlow Shapley, Samuel Rapport, and Helen Wright have rounded up a notable collection of writings on science from authorities of all periods. . . . The forward-looking industrialist will find a useful handbook in Eugene Van Cleef's "Geography for the Business Man" (Harpers). . . . Good advice for all of us—"Live, Love, and Learn" (Harpers), by Joseph Fort Newton. . . . Shivers and shakes and good gruesome reading for the small hours of the morning for the mystery fans in Ethel Lina White's "The Man Who Was Not There" (Harpers). . . . First aid for all who want to know about their fellowmen as individuals **in a** new reference work issued by the Merriam Company, "Webster's Biographical Dictionary." . . . A versatile and highly intelligent Frenchman discourses of the grand passion in André Maurois's "Seven Faces of Love" (Didier). . . . Jacques Barzun, historian and philosopher, writes illuminatingly and sensitively of the influence of the early romanticists upon the present in "Romanticism and the Modern Ego" (Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press).

October 21

Palestine and its part in the defense of the East take the leading role in Pierre van Paassen's **"The Forgotten**



—From the drawing by John O'Hara Cosgrove, II, for "Come In."

Ally" (Dial). . . . **In "They Shall Inherit the Earth" (Day),** Otto Zoff makes a country-by-country survey of the tragic fate **which has befallen** children under the impact of war. . . . Brief, swift-paced, vigorous, "The Battle Is the Pay-Off" (Harcourt, Brace), by Captain Ralph Ingersoll, erstwhile of *The New Yorker* and *PM*, contains one of the most enlightening descriptions of the constitution of an army, and one of the **most vivid portrayals** of battle action, to be found in the books of contemporary correspondents. . . . There's picturesque and useful information in John Van Ess's "Meet the Arab" (Day).

October 22

Dr. John Black furnishes an informative discussion of food problems which will confront the world in the immediate future and after the war in "Food Enough" (Jacques Cattell).

October 25

The Pantheon Press issues a definitive edition of "The Glorious Adventures of Tyl Eulenspiegl," by Charles de Coster, a classic with special pertinence today because of its portrayal of the resistance of the **Flemings** to tyranny. . . . Come, all ye detective story enthusiasts, here's an "Invitation to Murder" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Ione Sandburg Shriber. . . . Christine Weston writes in "Indigo" (Scribners), one of the **best novels on India to appear** since E. M. Forster's "Passage to India," handling admirably in it natives and foreigners alike and making of it an enthralling story. . . . The Irish countryside spreads out in enticing charm in Maura Laverty's novel "Touched by the Thorn" (Longmans, Green). . . . A brilliant extravaganza, Ludwig Bemelman's **"Now I Lay Me** Down to Sleep" (Viking) weaves savage satire deftly into its tale of a rich South American driven by the war from luxurious living in France, by way of New York and café society to his magnificent home estate. . . . "The Little Locksmith" (Coward-McCann), by Katharine Butler Hathaway, makes autobiography not only a personal life story but a saga of human courage.

October 26

C. P. Lee takes a small-town boy and his aspirations towards a broader life for theme of his novel, "High Noon" (Macmillan). . . . Joseph Auslander addresses fervent sympathy to the peoples of occupied countries in a collection of poems, "The Unconquerables" (Simon & Schuster). . . . Romance for the romantic in "Captain Ebony" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Hamilton Cochran, the story of a sea captain who was a slaver and the fair maid who

(Continued on page 16)

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HALLETT ABEND, MY LIFE IN CHINA
THOMAS CRAVEN, THE STORY OF PAINTING
RICHARD ALDINGTON, THE DUKE
FRANK GERVASI, MONTY AND THE 8TH
ELLAN GLASGOW, A CERTAIN MEASURE
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WALT WHITMAN

Some Authors Out of

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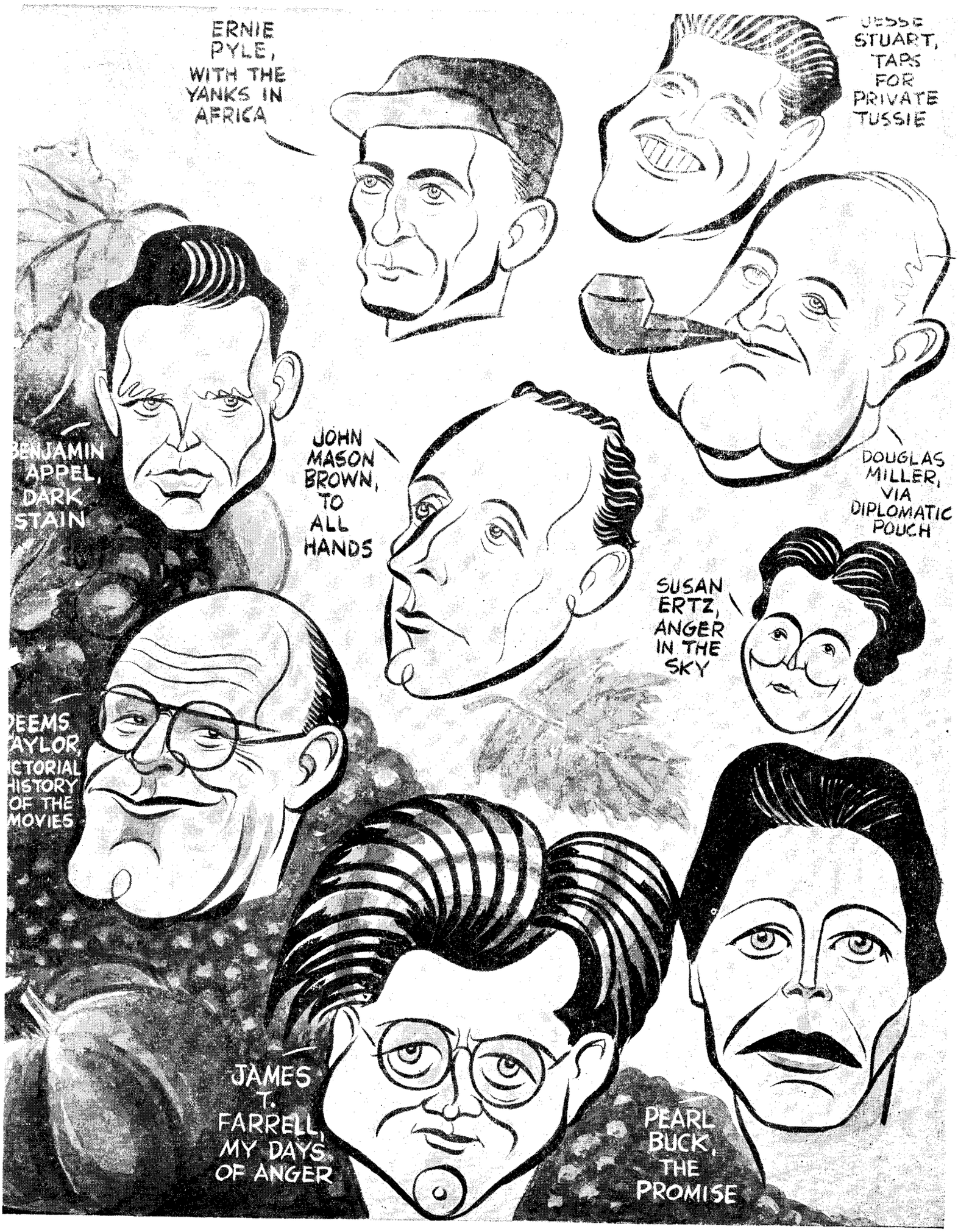
ERNIE PYLE, WITH THE YANKS IN AFRICA
JESSE STUART, TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE
BENJAMIN APPEL, DARK STAIN
JOHN MASON BROWN, TO ALL HANDS
DOUGLAS MILLER, VIA DIPLOMATIC POUCH
SUSAN ERTZ, ANGER IN THE SKY
DEEMS TAYLOR, PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES
JAMES T. FARRELL, MY DAYS OF ANGER
PEARL BUCK, THE PROMISE

the Fall Cornucopia

—Drawing by Pierotti

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(*Continued from page* 13)

hated and loved him. . . . Stewart H. Holbrook supplies interesting information on forest fires in "Burning an Empire" (Macmillan). . . . An excellent historical novel, with Lake Erie for locale, in Carl D. Lane's "The Fleet in the Forest" (Coward-McCann). . . . Delightful reminiscences of literary America, Ferris Greenslet's "Under the Bridge" (Houghton Mifflin) is the fruit of ripe living and thinking.

October 27

The whole, of which the *SRL's* leading article in this issue is a sample—Henry Seidel Canby's interpretive biography of "Walt Whitman: An American" (Houghton Mifflin). . . . In a "Surgeon's World" (Lippincott) Max Thorek, Hungarian by birth, Chicagoan by adoption, writes a fascinating autobiography threaded with picturesque episode.

October 28

Some of Robert M. Coates's stories, familiar to magazine readers, are gathered together in "All the Year Round" (Harcourt, Brace). . . . In "The Locusts" (Farrar & Rinehart), a story of pioneers of America whose forward surge was retarded ever and again by years of the locust, Otto Schrag achieves a novel of impressive character. . . . Pearl Buck's "The Promise" (Day) reintroduces some of the characters of "Dragon Seed." . . . A young writer makes a successful debut in Jeanne Singer's "This Festive Season" (Harcourt, Brace), the tale of a comfortable and united Jewish family living on New York's West End Avenue. . . . Ernie Pyle's correspondence from the war front, brought together in "Here Is Your War" (Holt), adds stature to its warm and vivid reporting when thus cumulated.

October 29

No longer the unsophisticated maidens of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough even in middle life managed to attract adventure wherever they took their way, as the latter entertainingly sets forth in "We Took Our Hearts to Hollywood" (Dodd, Mead). . . . Esther Forbes has drawn happily a second time on the "Paul Revere" period for the background of "Johnny Tremain" (Houghton Mifflin), a story designed for young and old.

November 1

"Where's Sammy?" is a question which has resounded in many parts of the world but which will no longer remain unanswered, now that, under the editorship of Robert Considine, Random House has issued a volume of the news photographs by Sammy Schulman taken on every sort of occasion from

Presidential powwows to baseball games. . . . In "Lonely Midas" (Farrar & Rinehart), Harry Emerson Wildes has written the life history of Stephen Girard, industrialist, philanthropist, and one of the most disagreeable as well as valuable of Philadelphia's early citizens. . . . Russell Hill rehearses the events of the North African campaign from daring beginning to triumphant conclusion in "Desert Conquest" (Knopf). . . . "Taps for Private Tussie" (Dutton), by Jesse Stuart, a full-bodied, rich, and humorous novel of Kentucky mountaineers, excellent reading and no less excellent Americana.

November 3

Susan Ertz's "Anger in the Sky" (Harpers), proves that neither the war, which is its background, nor changing habits of living, which it depicts, has altered the competence of the English to produce suave, civilized, and mellow fiction. . . . Ward Moorhouse, who knew him, writes the life of the "Yankee Prince, George M. Cohan" (Lippincott). . . . A saga of battle of thrilling sort makes its appearance in Howard Handleman's "Bridge to Victory: The Story of the Reconquest of the Aleutians" (Random House).

November 4

"My Life in China" (Knopf), Hallett Abend's account of his experiences during his many years of service as correspondent of *The New York Times*, first in Shanghai and then in Peking, offers interesting and illuminating reading. . . . Dunstan Thompson, whose verse has been attracting the attention of the critics, publishes a volume of "Poems" (Simon & Schuster).

November 5

Some of the casual pieces which appeared in various periodicals by the late Alexander Woollcott brought together in "Long, Long Ago" (Viking), make a flavorsome volume after the fashion of the earlier "While Rome Burns."

November 8

In "The One Story of the Life of Christ" (Dutton), Manuel Komroff, by isolating the events of Christ's life from other material, presents a biography entirely in the language of Scripture. . . . Lieut-Com. Griffith Coale depicts "Victory at Midway" (Farrar & Rinehart), in a volume of sketches made during the battle and elucidated by accompanying text. . . . Good sport for the mystery fans in Mignon Eberhart's "Unidentified Woman" (Random), a tale in her best vein.

November 9

Emigrant trails to the Pacific are described in June D. Parker's "The Wake of a Prairie Schooner" (Macmillan).

November 10

"The 10 Commandments" (Simon & Schuster), brings together ten short stories of "Hitler's war against the moral code." . . . Trails to delight in "The Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge" (Vanguard), by Roderick Peattie and others who describe the geography, geology, flora and fauna, and peoples of the regions, and set forth its history and legend. . . . "Clemenceau" (Harvard University Press), by Geoffrey Brunn, offers a new evaluation of the Tiger of the last war.

November 12

"Wild River" (Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press), by Anna Louise Strong, depicts the "common man" in Russia building the great dam which his patriotism later destroyed.

November 15

Lavishly illustrated, Thomas Craven's "The Story of Painting" (Simon & Schuster) affords a panoramic survey of the art. . . . Sally Benson gathers together short stories in "Women and Children First" (Random House).

November 16

Jacques Stern offers a challenge to Willkie and other Americans in "The French Colonies—Past and Future" (Didier). . . . Arthur Koestler makes the date notable by publication of "Arrival and Survival" (Macmillan), the tale of a refugee who turns his back on safety in order to fight against Hitlerism.

November 18

"The Gastronomical Me" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), is the story of M. K. F. Fisher's life here and abroad with the stress thrown on her gastronomic adventures. . . . "Danger in the Cards" (Ziff-Davis), by Michael MacDougall, has a tale to unfold of card sharpers and the unwary.

November 19

Memoirs of a man of the theatre in Lee Simonson's "Part of a Lifetime" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).

November 23

German economic and political conditions and post-war problems analyzed by Douglas Miller in "Via Diplomatic Pouch" (Didier).

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"Ifs" for the First Novelist

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Saturday Review has asked a quartet of 1943 first novelists to consider some literary "ifs." Would they change their books today if they were now presented with the opportunity—or problem—of writing their stories all over again? What effect would the reviews and the criticisms have? Finally, there is the matter of the usual post-publication ideas of the author himself as to how the book might have been improved. Included in the following roundup of literary reconsiderations are Laura Hobson, Betty Smith, Bucklin Moon, and Helen Howe.

Laura Z. Hobson

"The Trespassers"

"IF you knew what you do now, how would you write the book if you had to start from scratch again?"

Boy, is that the sixty-four dollar question!

On this day of my life, the twenty-first after my first novel was published and the third after my first wartime moving day was consummated—it really charms me beyond words.

"Now that you've read all the critics' comments . . . would you write it the same if you were to do it all over again?"

I've been trying to think out an answer to this innocent little sizzler as I pick my way through 32 cans of paint, 14 lamps, 2 demented kids, and 24 roped-up cartons of some 2000 books by other authors (this writer seems to have a mania for statistics).

The one answer I get is, "You're damned if you say 'yes' and damned if you say 'no'."

For if I say, "Yes, just the same," I'd seem very smug indeed, and if I say, "No, I'd write it differently," I'd seem a touch humble and deprecating.

So I can't use either a pure yes or a pure no—I have to mix them together and throw in a little umber or ochre or whatever the painters do to get just the right shade.

That shade has to match all the lights and darks of my own changing capacities about writing a book, any book. I have learned much in the two years since I wrote Chapter 1, Page 1 of "The Trespassers." I have learned from critics, I have learned from readers, I have learned from the sheer writing of it. Just what I have learned, and how well or ill I will be able to make use of it in writing a new book (or in the theoretical re-writing of this book) knows God—

Certainly I do not. I know that after writing my first piece of promotion, or my first newspaper copy, or my first short story, I myself changed into a person writing a second piece of promotion, a second piece of copy, a second story. The wonderful yeasty stuff of doing, trying, trying some more was in there somewhere all the time, working on *me*. I feel sure it must be so, perhaps more deeply so, with the writing of a book—unless I'm suddenly awfully allergic to yeast. Two years and 610 pages of finished MSS have happened to me since I wrote that Page 1. Today I'm a person who's going to write a book—not going to write a first book. And the knocking out of that five-letter word in the phrase is to me a wondrous and lovely deletion.

So I know that if I were to start "The Trespassers" from scratch again it would be different in all the ways that I am different. Maybe I'm tardy about my soul-searching, but I think I'll have to leave it at that for a while longer. That's the maddening sentence I've heard so many times these past three days from janitors, electricians, handy-men, painters, carpenters, plumbers, steam-fitters and just ordinary members of the Sidewalk Superintendent's Club.

But, if I knew what I do now, would I still decide to move to a new apartment in wartime? Well now, I'll tell you. . .

Laura Z. Hobson: "Boy, is that the sixty-four dollar question!"

Betty Smith

"A Tree Grows in B'klyn"

IF I had a chance to rewrite "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," would I do it the same way?

Well, I had a chance to figure that out while I was working on the book. Halfway through writing it, I got the idea that I could make three novels out of it. I felt that the Nolans alone would make one novel; that I could make a second one out of the saga of Sissy; a third out of Flittman's life of futile conflict. For a little while I seriously considered doing this. Then I decided that I like books made the way I like sandwiches made—with a whole lot of stuff in them. So, determined to have no regrets about it afterwards, I continued making the whole thing one book.

If I started the novel from scratch again, I believe I would have to write it the same way. I wrote it with as much honesty and integrity as I own. If after publication I honestly believed that I should have written it differently, I'd be done for, because I wouldn't have enough faith in my work to finish a second novel. I'd start that second one befuddled by the feeling that, after publication, I'd be sorry that I had written it that way. Then I couldn't write at all. I must have faith in what I write else I am lost.

I do not mean to imply that there are no faults in "The Tree." There are, of course. But as I wrote those faults, I had no way of recognizing them as such. One critic said, not in an uncomplimentary way, that my characterization was attained by setting down what the characters did and thought rather than by what the author explained about them. Now, if for example, this is considered a fault, I have no way of fixing it because my work as a dramatist has trained me to achieve characterization by writing what a character does and what he thinks about rather than by probing analysis of what he seems like to me. I must "build up" rather than "dissect." I know no other way of achieving characterization.

So I'd say that if I had a chance to rewrite the book, I'd have to write it in the same way because that is the only way I know. I don't mean that I haven't learned a great deal through the actual experience of writing the book and by studying the critics' comments on it. I have. What I've learned amounts to an intensive course in the

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Betty Smith: "What I've learned amounts to a course in the novel. . . ."

technique of novel writing—a course, incidentally, which I ducked in college. When I do my next book I hope that I'll work with a surer touch, a little better grasp of my medium. But if when that second one is done, I'm asked again, "If you have had another chance . . ." I'd have to say, "I guess I'd have to do it the same way because when I wrote it, I wrote it the best way I knew how at the time."

Bucklin Moon

"The Darker Brother"

I SET out to write a short, readable novel about the plight of the American Negro, simplified to the extent that it was a story about people in trouble rather than a social tract about a lot of exotic characters who were specially different because of their color. I felt that such a book would be more widely read and also not read only by the people who were already converted. Since most of the critics agreed with me I don't think I'd do it otherwise if, God forbid, I had it to do over again.

Those who didn't agree fell into two groups. The first was composed of those who ignored the book, which was their right, or didn't bother to read all the way through, which wasn't. The second felt that I should have written a different kind of book and used up all their space telling about their kind of book and thus had none left to tell about mine. Towards neither do I harbor any ill feelings. Probably by the third book, if I'm still thick-skinned, I may make enough money so I can give up a full-time job and write a really good book.

There is no bitterness in that statement, for it is, after all, a problem faced by most writers who don't have an independent income. Writing, for the amount of you that goes into it, is the worst paid of all crafts, the exception being the slick writer towards whom I bear no malice but some envy. And I know because I tried it in 1939 when I sold my first short story and gave up a job to live by writing. My wife and I moved to Florida and I remember those cruel days and nights when I sat in front of a desk with a bare, white piece of paper before me and tried to write for groceries, public utility bills, and the man who came around for the rent on the first of the month. It didn't work and I am glad it didn't, because otherwise I might never have written the kinds of things about which I feel strongly. But I am a lazy man, in many respects, and I do envy the leisure and profit that slick writing could bring me. What happened was I ended up behind a bar in a white jacket and that, brother, is the best of all jobs, not because of the pay but because of the people on the opposite side of the mahogany. I learned more about people than I ever knew before.

But to get back to the next book and the kind of book these non-agreeing critics want me to write. They want it to be a big book; I wish I could skip as many pages in the writing as I do myself in the reading of such books. One of them said something to the effect that I had written a book more distinguished for what was not in it than what was in, though what I had put in was honestly and truthfully reported . . . what I had not done was to put into words the inner naunces that went on in a Negro's mind. He also said that I had covered some things which were not only the problem of the darker brother

—News Pictures

Bucklin Moon: "God forbid I'd have to do it all over again."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

GIRLS IN OLD-TIME SONGS

This week we make a slight detour from the paths of literature to give you a quiz on the heroines of old-time songs. Can you, after warbling the brief excerpts printed below, name the girl involved? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better should qualify you for a membership in the Society for the Preservation of Barber Shop Singing in America. You'll find the answers on page 57.

1. You'd look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.
2. In all my dreams your fair face beams.
3. Many were the wild notes her merry voice would pour; many were the blithe birds that warbled them o'er.
4. She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.
5. She was bred in old Kentucky, where the meadow grass is blue.
6. In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light loves to dwell, weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.
7. I see thy face in ev'ry dream; my waking thoughts are full of thee.
8. I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day, for you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.
9. Through the black of night, I gotta go where you are.
10. Is there anyone finer in the state of Carolina?
11. No matter what I do I can't forget you; at times I wish that I had never met you.
12. Her brow was like the snowdrift; her throat was like the swan.
13. A wild sort of devil but dead on the level.
14. Light she was and like a fairy, and her shoes were number nine.
15. She laughed with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown.
16. Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.
17. Your voice is sad whene'er you speak, and tears be-dim your loving eyes.
18. No one else it seems ever haunts my dreams.
19. On her cheek the rose was born; there was music when she spake.
20. She excels each mortal thing upon the dull earth dwelling.

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Helen Howe: "I didn't want to jostle my way into the Hall of Fame."

but of the white brother too. The two he mentioned specifically were prostitution and the death of Uncle Rafe, the number's king, by white gangsters.

Now, I know a few Negroes. I don't think what goes on in their minds is a great deal different from what goes on in the minds of white men under the same (no, not quite the same, for the Negro's lot is far worse) sort of economic and social strife. I think we've got to learn that and learn it now. The Negro is no different from the white man; he is not an exotic creature who lives in a different world. His problem is intensified by his color, of course, but it is everyman's problem. It is the problem of discrimination, but, too, the problem of not enough food at low enough prices, too much rent, etc. Prostitution and crime and gambling belong in that problem, because they are bred by it.

Some Negroes are bitter, hate all white men, and would like to kill a few each morning before breakfast. But I know some Jews who feel the same way about Gentiles. I also know a man, a Swede, who worked most of his life for not enough money to keep himself and his family decently fed, clothed, and housed. He once told me that every time he saw a man in a white shirt he wanted to kill him.

Sterling Brown tells the story of the two men standing on the corner. One was a white man, the other wasn't. The first said, "I've got nothing but trouble. My house just burned down and I had no insurance. My wife just ran away with my best friend in my automobile and there are still ten payments due on it. My doctor just told me that I have to go to the hospital and have a serious operation. I sure have tough luck." The second just looked at him and said. "What you kickin bout? Yuh white, ain yuh?"

I couldn't do better than that in a trilogy.

Helen Howe

"The Whole Heart"

IF I were to write "The Whole Heart" over again, and it were still my first novel, I think it would essentially be very much the same book. This is not because I feel that all that could be done with the subject chosen was achieved; far from it. In fact, the first thing I should try to do would be to iron out some of the more glaring technical hurdles of plot exposition in letter form—the sort of thing which all but reads; *Just an hour since we said good-bye, and your words are still ringing in my ears, "I was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, in 1905, of poor but Bostonian parents," and I answered, "What a coincidence! So was I. We must be second cousins." And indeed, Jim Hurd, you and I, Mary Leverett, are second cousins.* I suppose, however, there is always a sort of inevitability about a first novel and I know, in order to get going at all, I had to use the springboard of the monologue form which I had developed in my stage work. I was aware that it held many pitfalls. Thank Heaven I wasn't aware into how many of them I should fall flat on my face, or I should not have had the courage to start at all.

If it were to be a third, fourth, or fifth book (it couldn't be my second because that's the "work in progress" and seems now as inevitable as the first!) I should hope to do it in the third person. In this "once upon a time" form I should hope to round out more completely the character of Jim Hurd. I, as the author, would then have a chance to make my own comments, perhaps extenuating, on the character of Jim Hurd. As he stands we see Jim only through the eyes of the women he hurt, who are naturally confused and uncomprehending of the causes of his behavior. Contrary to Mr. Fadiman's belief that I was out to "tear the hide off" a male, I feel there was a great deal to be said for Jim Hurd—only not in my book. The pattern I chose was one which would inevitably reveal more of the women involved than the man. Had they been more articulate than they were—which God forbid—and probed under his skin as thoroughly as under their own I think it would not have been true to their characters, and the letters would not have been plausible. They would obviously have been written by an omniscient author and not by the women involved.

I am glad that all of the reviewers did not feel that my purpose in writing the book was to jostle my way into that over-crowded corner of the Hall of Fame—the Bitch Niche. Certainly I failed lamentably in what I set out to do if there was not compassion in my pages for all the characters depicted. If the college girl didn't get her full share, I think the reader would agree with me she could look after herself, and didn't need any.

I think, on the whole, the review which pleased me more than any other came from a paper in Tuscon, Arizona. The writer, who had not himself read the book, outlined the plot as told on the jacket and added, "Quite some few readers report to us that this novel reads better than it sounds."

To those quite some few I am grateful, and hope to do better another time. But it will have to be with another book.

On the Train

By Babette Deutsch

A WILLOW waving like a golden witch.
A meadow bald with boulders.
Five chequered cows, their lazy tails aswitch.
Low clouds with smoke-blue shoulders.

An elm: the noble giant's sherry-glass.
Spare cornstalks, stiff and harsh.
A heap of apples red upon the grass.
A pool, a reedy marsh.

Russet and yellow, blue and golden green
Make of a summer day
A softly colored, bright, enormous screen
For all that, half the turning world away,
Bleeds on and burns unseen.

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The Regional Eminence of Ellen Glasgow

A CERTAIN MEASURE: An Interpretation of Prose Fiction. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 272 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

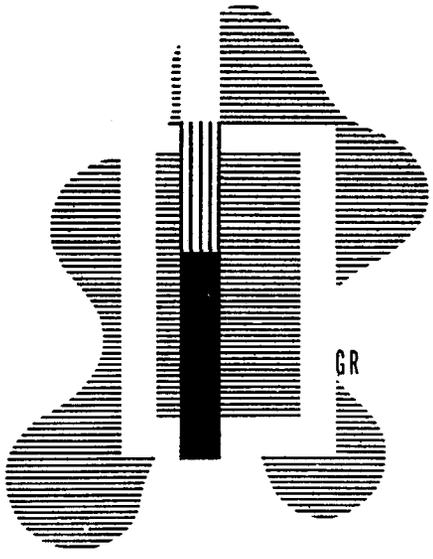
MISS GLASGOW'S work is, I think, unique in American literature and perhaps unique in the history of English prose fiction. We have had, to be sure, writers like Trollope and Hardy who have exploited the imaginative possibilities latent in regions like Wessex and Barsetshire; we have had any quantity of "local color" and regional novelists since the days of the great Sir Walter; and we have had historical novelists who have stuck pretty closely to a particular area—one thinks of Cooper's various novels about the history of New York State or Mary Johnston's novels of Virginia. But none of these has made himself the artistic master of what one may call the historical sociology of a region in quite the fashion that Miss Glasgow has become the interpreter *par excellence* of life among the Virginians.

To be sure, Miss Glasgow's work is sharply limited. It is limited in time, in space, and in class. She writes no novel of colonial, revolutionary, or ante-bellum Virginia. Most of her fiction has had to do with the Tidewater country, with life in the Virginia cities; only occasionally has she strayed into the Great Valley or into the South Side. The existence of the coal-mining town, of drab little centers for distributing goods, of a great ocean port like Norfolk, or of the mill-town—these play but a small part in her novels. Her people, moreover, are "good" people, middle-class people, people from the decaying aristocracy, and a certain kind of Negro, mainly of the "servant" class. One would search her pages in vain for much trace of "immigrant" groups, Jewish merchants, the independent Negro farmer, the city proletariat, "aliens," and "Yankees." But Miss Glasgow as a novelist has a right to limit her field; she is not required to be a scientific sociologist, so that, within these limitations, she has a right to claim that thirteen of her novels, taken together, constitute in the "freely interpretative form of fiction a social history of Virginia from the decade before the Confederacy" to the present time. No other state, so far as I can recall, has produced a major novelist who can make a similar claim.

For the most recent collected edition of these books Miss Glasgow wrote twelve autobiographical prefaces, here reprinted. To these is added a preface for "In This Our Life," the book which finally convinced the Pulitzer Prize Committee that Miss Glasgow is a novelist of major importance. There is also a bibliography of critical articles about Miss Glasgow. Anyone sensitive to the present state and probable future of the art of novel-writing must recognize that these prefaces are pronouncements of the first importance.

One has to go back to the famous prefaces of Henry James for anything of like kind possessing an equal weight and dignity. Like Henry James Miss Glasgow recalls the imaginative origin of her books; dilates on the particular fashion in which each one seized upon her creative mind; comments upon the particular artistic form or method of each; indicates favorite characters or confesses to failure; and, à propos of the problem of each, lets drop golden opinions about the task and duty of novel-making. Unlike the Jamesian prefaces, these thirteen essays are held together by the common element of dealing not merely with novels but with novels that are themselves interlinked in a great historical series. Miss Glasgow's problem is not merely that of the figure in the carpet, in Jamesian parable; it is a problem of the figure in a succession of carpets, so to speak, each laid in the same sort of room. She is not merely a novelist; she is a novelist of Virginia.

But she is not a sociologist, or rather she is not merely a sociologist. The consequence is that the temptation to discuss the technique instead of the art of fiction is a temptation she avoids. It is conceivable, for example, in view of the extraordinary social changes in Virginia during the last hundred years, that Miss Glasgow might have dwelt upon the desirability of perfecting the trick of historical or sociological fiction. She might, from the vantage point of the 1940's, have decided that her novels should have been much more like "Middletown" and much less like "Middlemarch." She might have lectured disciples and successors on how to do a series of sociologically accurate books about Michigan or Massachusetts.



But neither the young aspirant to fictional success, who is looking for some viable formula that will lead to royalties and Hollywood, nor the future Upton Sinclairs of the country will get much comfort from these prefaces. They deal, I repeat, with the art rather than with the talks about point of view not as if it were a magic formula to make all things easy but rather as if it were (what, indeed, it is) an organizing principle of imaginative creation. (See, in this connection, the preface to "The Sheltered Life.") She talks about lapse of time, that most difficult of fictional problems, but she deals with it, not in the manner of the outward, mechanical tricks of Dos Passos (if Mr. Dos Passos will forgive me), but in the Shakespearian sense of time and the flow of time as being of the inward essence of literary creation. She discusses style as an outgrowth of vision, not as something consciously laid on from the outside. It is only in the explication of her character creations that she is not, in this sense, peculiarly illuminating, the reason being, I take it, that character is too immediate in her mind to permit the candid discussion she igves to environment and time.

All this may seem to be leading away from the concept of Miss Glasgow as a novelist of Virginia life. But we have been buying the art of fiction too cheaply in this country. The novel has become a sort of bastard art like opera. It is written both for the printing press and for the film. It has become a manufacture, a trade, a commercial obsession. Miss Glasgow has refused to consider herself less than an artist. She has not written of Virginia life but of human life in Virginia. She has taken two and three years to perfect a book, not because she wanted it to be sociologically accurate but because she wanted it to be artistically mature. And this sense of pace and dignity, this tacit assumption that the novel is a major work of art—these are the qualities she has brought to her interpretation of her immediate environment. Her prefaces are, therefore, a notable contribution both to the art of fiction and to the ways by which fiction, maturely conceived, can illuminate American life.

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The Life and Good Times of Wilbur Cross

CONNECTICUT YANKEE. An Autobiography. By Wilbur L. Cross. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1943. 428 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WHAT a whipper-snapper I am, to be reviewing the life of a man who once tried to teach me Chaucer in my Freshman year at the Sheffield Scientific School. I can close my eyes now, and hear Professor Cross pacing up and down before his desk, intoning, "A povre widwe somedele stope in agé—." I can remember when he stopped me one rainy day in Berkeley Oval, remarking with that somewhat cat-swallowed-the-canary smile of his, "Young man, where's your umbrella?" I make no pretense at this being an unbiased review.

The thing that strikes me first in reflecting on the book is the insidious humor that pervades it. Whenever ex-Governor Cross recalls a funny story or an amusing episode, he stops to relate it. Most of them are very good. I sat up late into the night reading his book, and as I went to bed I was smiling, even though tired. It's that kind of book. You lay it down smiling.

One reason is because Wilbur L. Cross has never been a stuffed shirt. He has always appreciated homely humorists like Mark Twain and Will Rogers. He has always been able to laugh at himself as well as at others. He has been a man courageous, but blithe. He gets the greatest relish out of telling how he once gave his fellow-Democrats "a short historical sketch of bathing among various nations, which I improvised from half-remembered notes I had once taken down in cursory reading." He found throughout history many good arguments against taking a bath; that there was no evidence that the prophet Moses ever took one; that taking baths caused the fall of the Roman Empire; that Laurence Sterne and the Earl of Essex were lousy; that Queen Elizabeth herself only bathed once a month; and so on. They took him very seriously, and over in Italy a comic weekly commented: "The new Governor of Connecticut, who is seventy years old and in the best of health, declares that he owes his excellent condition to the fact that he has never taken a bath."

If this is too flippant a way to begin my review, it is the subject's fault. In his office, as Governor, he had on his desk a saying by Mark Twain, "Always do right. This will gratify some people, and astonish the rest." His only regret in being Governor was that he had not been named Peter Cross, like an ancestor. "What a wonderful name that would have been for me on entering a public career! 'Peter Cross the Governor of Connecticut!' It would have been good for thousands of votes." In his first term of office "a stalwart visitor from Missouri . . . remarked that a man in my situation reminded him of 'a celluloid rabbit chased through hell by a pack of asbestos hounds.'" But he survived the Republican machine, and later on an editor remarked, "We like the looks of the Governor when he stands on his hind legs with his fighting clothes on." In his last campaign, Labor's Non-Partisan League, an affiliate of the C.I.O., endorsed him as their candidate for re-election, even though he had quelled a sit-down strike by another branch of the C.I.O. only three years before. You have only to read this book to see why. It is the book of an honest man.

Into the intricacies of the Governor's political career I do not intend to go. He fought for what he believed to be right, and he was well aware of the corrupt politics that tried to defeat certain excellent measures which he had at heart. He was not only aware of corruption; he faced it with Yankee shrewdness and contempt for its brazen presumptions. The Waterbury scandal and the impeachment of Lieutenant Governor Hayes were, of course, used by Governor Cross's enemies against him in his last campaign. The truth of the matter he clearly shows here. But politicians do not abide by the truth.

Wilbur Cross regrets his first name wasn't Peter.

It is as a man of letters that I have known "the Governor." From being a high school principal when he left Yale College, he became an authority upon the English novel; upon Laurence Sterne, particularly, and Henry Fielding. Later on he was dean of the Yale Graduate School and founded the now-famous new *Yale Review*. He has led a fine and useful life in several fields. He is a man of parts. Readers will find great charm in the earlier chapters of his autobiography, concerning his ancestors and the "lost village" of his youth. His was the Yale College of sixty years ago. There he took, among other courses, Sumner's in political economy. "No other teacher of those days exerted so profound an influence upon his students as did Professor Sumner. It was tremendous." Years later, at the inception of the revivified *Yale Review,* the leader of the first number was an essay on war that had been discovered after Sumner's death. Professor Cross brought the *Review* to success through his acumen in securing manuscripts from distinguished people.

The ending of this stalwart and amusing autobiography is mellow, and we can be eternally grateful that the ex-Governor has set on the final page his last Thanksgiving Proclamation, for it is a beautiful piece of prose. I can best conclude by quoting from it:

> As the colors of autumn stream down the wind, scarlet in sumach and maple, spun gold in the birches, a splendor of smoldering fire in the oaks along the hill, and the last leaves flutter away, and dusk falls briefly about the worker bringing in from the field a late load of its fruit, and Arcturus is lost to sight and Orion swings upward that great sun upon his shoulder, we are stirred once more to ponder the Infinite Goodness that has set apart for us, in all this moving mystery of creation, a time of living and a home.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 498)

BERTHA DAMON:

A SENSE OF HUMUS

Croaks, peeps, squawks, and cheeps keep everybody awake. In May and June the pool is the setting for honeymoons; the floating lily pads are gondolas for yearning frogs and toads, and yearning causes some to whistle, others to croak.

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What Is an American?

THE AMERICAN: The Making of a New Man. By James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 385 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE nature and character of the American have never ceased to fascinate both native and foreign historians. Crèvecoeur, a Frenchman in America, at the end of the Revolution, in his "Letters from an American Farmer," first posed the famous question, "What then is the American, this new man?" Since then, distinguished observers from Alexis de Tocqueville to Arthur Schlesinger have sought an answer. Now James Truslow Adams, author of the famous "Epic" and former Pulitzer Prize winner, picks up Crèvecoeur's phrase and essays his answer in a book which he subtitles "The Making of a New Man." "For my own interest I wanted to discover, if possible, what geographic, historical, and social forces have made the American different from the citizen of any other nation."

To discover these forces he re-examines the evolutionary sequence of events that comprise American history. He decries the intention of writing another history of America, but since his approach is that of the historian, in the nature of things he does do just that. His first Americans were the Englishmen who passed through the entrance of Chesapeake Bay on May 6, 1607, in three little vessels. They were the forerunners of the bulk of arrivals to these shores before 1700. They made the English language, law, and traditions the accepted ones in America. Despite the large number of Swedes, Dutch, and other nationals who came in the pre-Revolutionary period, he sees in the English, Germans, Scotch-Irish, and Negroes the main streams of immigrant influences that were to form the part of our national character which evolved then. Tracing immigrant influences into the post-Revolutionary phase of our history, he adds the Celtic Irish and the Germans of '48.

These are the peoples who were to intermingle and to form the New Man. On them and on the ideas they "carried in their knapsacks" the geographical environment of the new continent and the historic events of three centuries were to act to produce the American character, a character that could never be static, that always has been changing, and that always will change. This thought, however, is not followed to its logical conclusion for the author almost ignores the period since 1890, that key date which is generally recognized as the one for the closing of the Frontier. Why he should stop his analysis at that point is hard to understand. The reason implied in his remark that ". . . we are now within the range of events which are part of the memory and emotional life of the older generation" cannot be accepted as satisfactory justification for the omission of the last half century. The most casual acquaintance with recent history offers convincing evidence that very radical and far-reaching forces have been brought to bear on the nature and character of the American. This significant omission, together with a number of personal emphases, may cause some readers to suspect that Mr. Adams has a definite political bias and that at times he is grinding an axe. They will be left, therefore, with a sense of incompleteness and frustration.

But within the limits of Mr. Adams's terminal points there emerges the always fascinating picture of the unchanging American, varying from era to era and from section to section—an ingenious Yankee scrabbling to make a living from a rocky farm, an expansive planter living in lordly fashion on a great estate, a Mississippi boatman, "half-horse, half-alligator, with a cross of the wild-cat." These and hundreds of others as different and as diverse were alike in being American. That one common feature has always been easy to recognize but almost impossible to define. Each race, each section, each period has contributed to it, and in turn has been affected by it.

In an epilogue the author summarizes the various characteristics which he has found in his analysis of the development of the American.

—*Harris and Ewing*

James Truslow Adams

Most of the ones he enumerates have been pointed out by other observers, sometimes harshly, as by Dickens and Mrs. Trollope, sometimes sympathetically. The informed reader will recognize the familiar allegations that Americans have long been joiners, that they distrust foreigners, that they are versatile, restless, prodigal, and cocky, that they love a good joke, especially when it is their own. Mr. Adams's explanations of why some of these traits have become natural attributes of Americans are of interest. The lack of companionship that marked the lives of so many isolated settlers in the great trek Westward, for example, accounts for the gregariousness, the hospitality, and generosity which we identify as American. The position of women, by tradition pampered and placed on a pedestal, was the result of the old law of supply and demand operating first in primitive communities where the number of men was more often than not far in excess of the number of women. More striking are the qualifications on the influence of the frontier which historians since Frederick Jackson Turner have tended to exaggerate, Mr. Adams infers. So, too, he feels that Americans in however radical a mood are always conservatives in times of constitutional crisis.

The complexity of Americans makes it hard and dangerous to generalize too far about common traits. But that complexity is never lost sight of. ". . . we have to set, for example, David Harum opposite Colonel Carter of Cartersville, and so on through an almost endless list of antitheses which could be made up from thumbing the pages of the twenty volumes of the 'Dictionary of American Biography.'"

On the whole, the book is disappointing. It is adequate and competent; but coming from an author whose ability to produce brilliant historical prose has been proved, that is not enough. Some day this theme will inspire a great historical study; some day there will be a book with the vivid eloquence of a Mark Twain discussing "Life on the Mississippi" and the rich scholarship of a Constance Rourke revealing the American humor. But this one is not it. This one belongs on a different shelf from Mr. Adams's "Epic of America" or his "Founding of New England."

Sholem Asch's "The Apostle: A Novel Based on the Life of St. Paul," has been chosen as an October selection of the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. The monthly selections are made on the basis of typography and general format.

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The Season's Poetry

Same Old Favorite Among the New Titles

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE books before me range all the way from the collected poems of Henry Thoreau, and the last brief book of the late Arthur Guiterman, to the latest long poem of Delmore Schwartz and "Cloth of the Tempest," by Kenneth Patchen, that distinctly wild and woolly modernist of escape. There is verse here of all kinds, to suit all tastes. There is some with which the present reviewer is in temperamental accord, and which suits his canons of taste and literary virtue, and there is some that strays quite far beyond his understanding. If you ask me to be perfectly frank, I will say that one single book here present has afforded me as much genuine pleasure as a number of others which obviously make good far greater claims to being poetry. This is a new edition of a book now a quarter of a century old, called "the lives and times of archy and mehitabel," by the late don marquis. george herriman's inimitable drawings for it enhance its value. It is a beautiful new little pocket book, and its cat and cockroach are immortal. Let me get that cleared up in advance. Now to go on to Poetry.

To begin with the writer most eminent, it was a good idea to bring out a definitive edition of "every available piece of verse that Henry Thoreau composed." Thoreau was a great man, though very far from being a great poet. Yet "Light-winged smoke, Icarian bird" is no mean poem; and the poem on "That Phaeton of Our Day," ending,

Who let him have the steeds he cannot steer?
Henceforth the sun will not shine for a year;
And we shall Ethiops all appear

is apt. Quirkily aphoristic is much of the rest, at its best in "Low-Anchored Cloud." Thoreau lovers take note!

Two fine men, and good poets, are gone in Will Percy and Arthur Guiterman. The leanings of William Alexander Percy were classically pagan to the end, but his verse also gained in sinew. His longer poems were well written, yet are to me hard reading. Of his monologues I like most "An Epistle from Corinth" and "A Letter from John Keats to Fanny Brawne." But occasionally Percy could write as fresh and pure a lyric as one would have. "A Ballad of St. Sebastien" is fine in an elder manner, and "The Farm Again" reflects movingly his distinguished battle service in the last war. "In the Cold Bright Wind" is a really enchanted poem about Merlin. But really my favorite of all is—and has been for years—the lyric "The Unloved to His Beloved." It seems to me one that can stand for pure beauty with some of Poe's.

Could I pluck down Aldebaran
And haze the Pleiads in your hair
I could not add more burning to your beauty
Or lend a starrier coldness to your air.

If I were cleaving terrible waters
With death ahead on the visible sands
I could not turn and stretch my hands more wildly,
More vainly turn and stretch to you my hands.

Henry Van Dyke once spoke of Arthur Guiterman as "a first-rate popular poet." That is what he was; and I am glad he was popular, for he wrote good verse. He was never slipshod. He could pen as witty verse as any and he could do good ballads. Eleanor Graham has written an excellent introduction for his last book. He died bravely. He had lived with great enthusiasm and joy.

He wrote as good an epitaph as any could write for him. It is like something from the Greek Anthology:

Friends whom I loved to name,
Know, should you mourn for me,
I, that was not, became;
I, that am not, shall be.

Delmore Schwartz

It's good to have this final volume, full of things as pleasing as:

The skeleton is hiding in the closet as it should,
The needle's in the haystack and the trees are in the wood,
The fly is in the ointment and the froth is on the beer,
The bee is in the bonnet and the flea is in the ear.

I think that for generations his book will give pleasure to the many.

There's an English poet now first published here of whose verse in *Punch* I am reminded by Arthur's best. For Helen Parry Eden has long contributed to *Punch,* and is a fine craftsman. She is a Catholic poet whose "Bread and Circuses" and "Coal and Candlelight" came out at the time of the last Great War. She wrote delectably then of her small daughter, Betsey-Jane. She is also a poet of more serious verse who has an assured touch. Now her "Poems and Verses," published in this country, as was her "Whistles of Silver," can be heartily recommended to all who prize the genuinely rare. Particularly in this day will the beauty and humor of her integrated and adroit verse bring consolation and courage to mothers wherever they be. Her poetry has great variety. I shall quote the sestet of a sonnet that properly celebrates the art of cookery:

Then I who spend my life with casseroles
And copper, I whose incense, heaven-sped,
Climbs from the lowliest altar's clear-blown coals
In simmering *pot-au-feu* and new-baked bread,
Shall, like a Greek or Roman victor, wear
Parsley or bay-leaves in my tireless hair.

Seldom has so fine a religious poet written also with so keen and humorous an eye for the Everyday.

Kenneth Fearing

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Kenneth Patchen

William Alexander Percy

Two anthologies before me have been produced on subsidies. "12 Spanish American Poets," by H. R. Hays, was done on the Oliver Baty Cunningham Memorial Publication Fund given by the Yale University Press, and may be placed at once by the side of the admirable recent compilation by Dudley Fitts. "The Book of Canadian Poetry," edited by A. J. Smith, and published by the University of Chicago Press, was done on a Guggenheim Fellowship. The latter together with Ralph Gustafson's "Anthology of Canadian Poetry" in the Pelican Books, introduced me to one who is now the leading poet of Canada, Professor E. J. Pratt of Victoria College, Toronto. Otherwise also it is an excellent compilation. But I consider E. J. Pratt's work so exciting as to make most of the other collected poets in the volume pale to comparative insignificance. And fortunately there is also present in my pile of books for review a separate volume of Professor Pratt's, "Brebeuf and His Brethren," winner of the Governor-General's Annual Literary Award for Poetry in 1940. It is published here by the Basilian Press of Detroit, Michigan. This poet's former poems, "Titans," "The Roosevelt and the Antinoe," and "The Titanic," drew praise from the late Edwin Arlington Robinson, from John Masefield, and from the late Laurence Binyon. I read two of the books, and the long poem on Dunkerque, and considered this man at once one of the best narrative poets of our time. It is a gross oversight that he is so little known in this country. This present story, of the Jesuit martyrs of Canada, is an epic of heroism true to the facts of history, what Michael Williams has called "a noble tribute paid to the pioneering spirit of the Church by a member of a Protestant communion." Pratt is a Newfoundlander by birth. Here he writes in blank verse, but his rhymed verse is strikingly deft. "The Cachalot" is one of the best whale poems in existence. Readers should take this occasion to become acquainted with his work.

The kind of anthology badly needed today is the pocket-sized book designed to offer consolation, through the medium of fine poetry. People have always turned to such books in times like these. A most distinguished example of this type is "The Triumph of Life," edited by Horace Gregory and published by Viking. I could not have believed, before I saw it, that such a book could contain so much that was excellent, so little that was commonplace. Nor is it a book of modern verse. The great consolatory poems of the past are there: "Lycidas," "In Memoriam," "When Lilacs Last—," "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day," etc. But Mr. Gregory, a remarkable poet in his own right, has such unerring taste for what is real poetry, and manifests such distinction in his particular choices, that this small volume is a delight. Here is Kit Smart's magnificent "A Song to David," and among the new, here is Ruth Pitters's extraordinary "The Spirit Watches." He has Robert Frost's fine sonnet, "A Soldier," "H. D."'s exquisite "A song from Cyprus," and Swinburne's "A Christmas Antiphony," one of the most truly Christian poems that a so-called pagan ever wrote, or that a Christian ever wrote, for that matter! The book is full of unusual things like that.

Enid Crawford Pierce and Helen Hartness Flanders have compiled "Green Mountain Verse: An Anthology of Contemporary Vermont Poetry," inevitably with an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. The best poem ever written on Vermont was just called "Vermont" and was written by Sarah N. Cleghorn, but it isn't either one of the two of her poems used here, though they are good. Dilys Bennett Laing is the best new Vermont poet, in my estimation.

New Directions has given us "New Poems," by Dylan Thomas, a young man still to watch. His "The Hunchback in the Park" I liked very much, and his "Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait"—what I could understand of it. Delmore Schwartz's "Genesis," from the same house, is, for me, mortal hard to read. It is Book I of an even longer poem. It concerns the beginnings of a young American named Hershey Green. The actual narrative of scenes and events is given in prose (to me a confession of weakness in the poet); then in an insomniac darkness he hears a sort of Greek chorus of souls of the dead, commenting upon what he remembers. This should be fascinating and brilliant. I don't find it so. I find Mr. Schwartz's touch rather leaden. Doubtless this is my fault, for various others of more eminence have praised him. Another Schwartz likes me better: Selwyn S. Schwartz. I see that Van Wyck Brooks commended his work. He has a certain—as he would say—"syllogistic symmetry." He is mannered, but he has phrases.

THEY come along now, the more modern; but Joseph Joel Keith's "The Proud People" has clarity. *SRL* has been partial to his work, as have many other magazines, and I am proud to have a poem of his dedicated to me. It really hasn't biased me, for I think he still needs often, more arresting phrase, but he tries to say things straightforwardly, and has things to say. Philip Kloss, a fortyyear-old Missourian, and John Russell McCarthy, published in Illinois, are two poets both of whom might have interested Thoreau. Mr. Kloss rhymes "squirrel" with "girl," thereby reminding me of Ogden Nash's "Squirrel named Cyril" and "Squerl named Earle." But Kloss writes of Southwestern nature with some freshness. Mr. McCarthy has a mouthpiece named Enrico who is something of a philosopher.

Angelica Balabanoff, a Russian, writes in five languages, is a great non-party humanitarian, and is introduced by Arturo Giovannitti and Charles Edward Russell. Her poems in English are admirable in sentiment but do not impress me very strongly as poetry. William Eldridge's "Itinerary for a Phagocyte" is an uninspired sonnet series. The Gotham Book Mart presents Rosenberg and Rosenberger. With reference to the former they quote interestingly from H. R. Hays (*Poetry*, 1939), "The particular device which Rosenberg has taken from sur-

(*Continued on page* 64)

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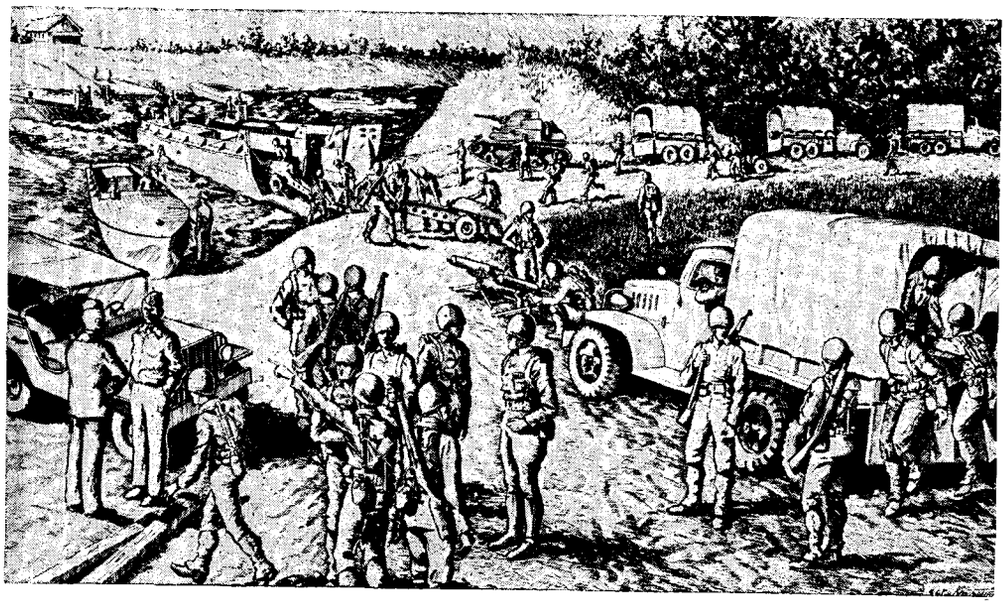
MARINE ART

AN extraordinary collection of war art is rapidly accumulating in the files of the Navy Annex Building offices of the United States Marine Corps. Each week brings dozens, sometimes hundreds, of drawings and paintings from the fighting fronts —especially the South Sea area. Almost all these paintings were done without commissions or special assignment; they represented the spontaneous, in-line-of-battle work of enlisted men. A representative selection of marine art has already been placed on exhibition in Washington, D. C., and New York, of which some of the entries have won prizes.

Later this fall, a representative selection of this marine art will be published by the Hyperion Press and distributed by Charles Scribner's Sons. Included in the volume will be oils, watercolors, wash drawings, black and white sketches, pen sketches, and pencil sketches. The topics range from scenes of Marines beating their way through the jungles of Guadalcanal to humorous cartoons. The drawings on this page constitute a "preview" of the book.

Perhaps the most "storied" sketch of all is reproduced immediately below. All attempts to identify or locate the artist have failed. The sketch was turned in, blood-soaked and crumpled, by an ambulance driver in Guadalcanal who found it at a medical aid station shortly after a heavy battle during which the Marines were stopped with heavy losses at an attempted crossing of the Matanikau River. The artist's name is indistinguishable, but it is believed that he may have been a casualty. His "canvas" was a rough piece of discolored cardboard. Anyone able to identify the artist from the style of the drawing is urged to communicate with the Department of Public Relations, United States Marine Corps, Arlington, Va.

"Instructions to a Patrol," a watercolor by Major Donald L. Dickson. Three marines at Guadalcanal volunteered to locate a Jap bivouac. Dickson said he was struck by the contrasting attitudes of the men: the corporal in the center looked like a high school athlete; the boy at the right was a rough-and-ready type; the marine with his hands in his pockets seemed to have a job to do.



"Embarkation," a pen and ink drawing by Tech. Sergeant Victory P. Donahue. Marines are landing Higgins boats in maneuvers. Note large amphibious tank silhouetted against sand dune in background about to be rolled onto tank lighter. Below, "South Pacific Jeep," by Pfc. Ralph B. Tyree, whose symbolism spans many centuries. Notable in the marine art is the contrasting techniques.

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A BARGAIN COUNTER FOR IDEALS

AN ideal is going begging—the ideal of world citizenship. Most curious about the paradox is that for the first time in history the physical conditions are present which can bring an organized world community into being, and yet the ideal has hardly been articulated, much less dramatized. Milton, Paine, Hugo, Heine, Tennyson, and numberless others were eloquent in their plea for a world citizenship, but they were then dealing with a world split into rigid geographic units where any real association was as theoretical as it was noble. Today, however, the basic fundamentals for the ideal exist, but we find that the ideal itself is virtually an orphan.

When is an ideal an ideal? Does something worth working for or fighting for become apparent of itself? Is it something that men reach for automatically when they need it, like food or water? Or is it possible that an ideal has to be carved out with infinite care, like an artist attempting to create a perfect image, and that its form and light must catch the eyes of men before they will know it for what it is? Can it be that one of the greatest obstacles to world citizenship today is the lack of a world consciousness that the ideal is not only possible but mandatory if we are not to slide into a long period of retrogression? Can it be that the very fact that the Nazis sought the world order for themselves has made all talk of world order obnoxious —whatever the auspices under which the attempt might be made?

If it is true that recognition must precede realization of an ideal, then our writers have a big job to do. It is not enough to talk about the world becoming a unit; it is not enough to exclaim at the magic by which it is possible to reach any spot on the globe from any given point within sixty hours. Nor does the prospect of a weekend in London or a two-week vacation in the South Seas exhaust the significance of a geographical revolution which has made of the world one neighborhood. All these facts, stirring as they may be, are only an arrow pointing at a conclusion that we are doing our best to ignore or avoid: that there is a fundamental connection between states comprising a geographical grouping and their overall form.

This connection is crucial in its importance for the future, but it is nothing new. History has almost lost its voice telling us for five thousand years that states within a geographical grouping must unite or fight. Ancient Greece was a geographic entity, but was unable to effect the necessary development into a federated unit, and, because of that failure, passed from the stage of history after the Peloponnesian Wars—a series of conflicts, incidentally, which provides some frightening parallels with the present.

Alongside Greece, consider the efforts of the American colonies to create an overall organization. The contrast takes on added meaning when it is recalled that the consequences of the Greek failure were studied at the Constitutional Convention; "The Federalist" feared that America might be a "monument" to the old errors. It is doubtful, incidentally, whether we could find a better primer for the job before us today than that self-same "Federalist," for it is both eloquent and definitive in its discussion of geography as a determining and frequently determinant factor in making E Pluribus Unum a reality. To the question, "How large can a state be," "The Federalist" provided a simple answer: "The natural limit . . . is that distance from the center which will barely allow the representatives to meet as often as may be necessary." Nor did dimension frighten Hamilton, Madison, and Jay: "The larger the society, provided it be within a practical sphere, the more duly capable it will be of self-government." By "practical," "The Federalist" largely meant a favorable proximity. But long before Madison, Aristotle answered the same question. The size of a state, he said, should be determined by the range of a man's voice.

It should take no involved system of logic to arrive at the significance of all this as it concerns a world where it is possible for a group of men to gather at any given spot from the far corners of the earth in less time than would be required to travel from New York to Boston 160 years ago; a world, moreover, where a single man's voice can encircle the globe as the air itself.

THE challenge, then, is essentially the same today as it was in 400 B.C. and 1787, except that it is the entire world that is now faced with the problem of converting itself from a geographical entity into an organizational entity. And the consequences of disunion are as applicable to the world group today as they were to individual groups in the past. For though the world is a unit, there is no unity. In a word, the world is Balkanized. The term that grew out of the rivalries between and among the states of Southeastern Europe, and which has come to mean disunion, conflict, and chaos, is now descriptive of the world as a whole.

What are we going to do about it? Our refusal to recognize the need for world organization will not cause the need to evaporate, nor will any doubts we may have concerning the feasibility of world organization automatically provide us with a satisfactory alternative. The thirteen American colonies did not lose their contiguity simply because some professed statesmen disliked the idea of recognizing them as an inter-related and interdependent group. The question before us now, as it was before them then, is the ultimate form of the group — whether it will be permitted to continue disorganized and chaotic, leading almost inevitably to the same suicide that was the fate of other disorganized and chaotic groups in the past, or whether we can construct a necessary form of world government.

But how are we going to move in that direction unless we can first generate some popular momentum? Where is the movement that will get behind it; where is the fervor and the enthusiasm, the devotion and the discipline, the spirit of sacrifice that you need in order to make the prospect of a world community something more than a meaningless abstraction? So far as writers themselves are concerned, their job is perhaps the hardest of all: they have to make an ideal sound like an ideal.

N. C.

Song

By Mark Van Doren

TO be at all, you birdlings,
On this or any bough,
Is cause enough for singing
Summer is now.

It is. But very being,
In so much cold and dark,
Is reason for your music;
That time will mark;

Saying it is for summer
As something more than this:
When all of space, enormous,
And feathers kiss.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Finished Fragments in Chaucer

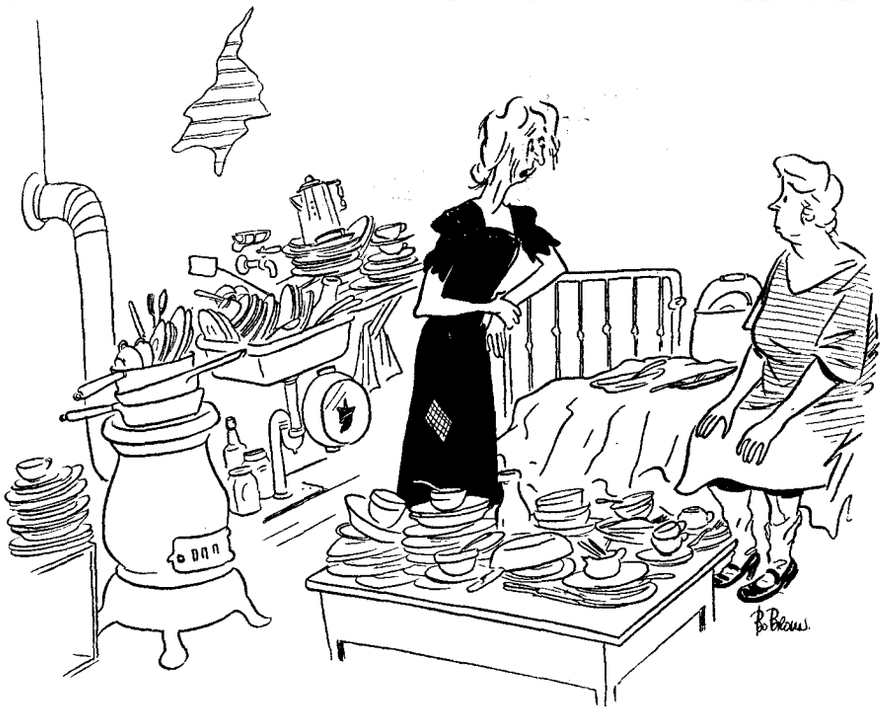
SIR:—The dramatic propriety of the interruption in Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Thopas" must have suggested to more than one reader the possibility that some other Chaucerian fragments could have been considered finished by their author, and await only the proper setting to make their dramatic unity clear to us.

For example, the Canterbury Pilgrims' cook, who well knew London ale (CT. I, 382), and whose drinking to excess was characterized by violent sleepiness (CT. IX, 5 ff. especially 21-4), could quite properly and humorously doze off at the point where his tale abruptly ends. Similarly, perhaps the Squire, speaking for the first time to such a large gathering, is supposed to become flustered, forget the point of his story, and stop with his mind desperately, desolately blank. Notice how the Franklin—ever the perfect host in his own home (CT. I, 331 ff.)—could be putting the Squire at his ease and bridging an awkward gap by his speech (CT. V, 673 ff.) after what appears to be a break. We may paraphrase him: "You did *very* well, very well *indeed* for one so young, and when you grow up I believe that you will be a better story-teller than anyone here—" consoling words to one who has failed, but hardly proper for congratulations.

And finally the "Anelida and Arcite" seems to have been composed with too much care not to have been finished. Nowhere else in Chaucer is there such a complexity of verse forms or such apparent skill in lyric poetry. Not by careless jotting did Chaucer produce the mechanical virtuosity of the symmetrically balanced complaint, the prodigality of internal rhymes, the exuberant bravado which constructed one stanzaic pattern (lines 299-307) on the fairly subtle phonetics of close- and open-*e*, or the adoption of *or* sounds to produce a melancholy conclusion—sounds which Poe later claimed ("Philosophy of Composition") were suited to sadness above all others. Such a poem is not cast aside. The juggler does not become bored just before he leaves the stage.

The "Anelida" could be called perhaps "The Youth of Arcite." In it we are given a warning to expect the poetic justice of the "Knight's Tale" and a hint of the impending doom which Anelida prays to the God of War to pronounce. It is not without significance that Chaucer blackened the character of Boccaccio's Arcite for use in the "Knight's Tale," or that he had his lovelorn heroine (line 355) promise sacrifice to Mars when we would expect her to turn to Venus. And the last line of the piece, far from abruptly breaking off a story, can be interpreted the the final chord of mood music in a prelude foreshadowing and fateful.

FRANK SULLIVAN.
St. Louis University.



"I got one of them cook books once, but every recipe starts off the same way—'take a clean dish'—and that settles me!"

Richard A. Freeman

SIR: Brief announcement of the death of Richard Austin Freeman at Gravesend, England, in his eighty-first year, was not wholly unexpected by some of us who have recently been informed of his grave illness, borne with rare fortitude; nevertheless, the news brings to us a deep sense of personal loss as we reflect upon his richly honored career as physician. Colonial officer and creator of a foremost figure in the realm of detective fiction, Dr. Freeman spent his early years in the service of the Crown, as medical officer and surgeon in Africa where he employed certain highly original methods in "fixing positions" which were set forth later in that superb narrative of detection: "31 New Inn." Upon return to England he engaged for several years in private practice and for a time was Medical Officer at Holloway Prison; presently, a protracted period of broken health, resulting from his strenuous African experiences, turned his thoughts to novel writing, and in 1907 "The Red Thumb Mark" opened the way for a long series of absorbing chronicles in deduction which were to bring delight to discriminating readers throughout the world. These narratives, which conclude with "The Jacob Street Mystery" published in 1942, are strongly characterized by those three great essentials which round out perfection in the field of the detective story; the creation of a dominant, living character, intricate yet convincing plot structure, and a background of engrossing charm against which the stirring sequence of events is skilfully presented. Doctor John Thorndyke is introduced as the first of the so-called legal detectives and through his close familiarity with the laws of medical jurisprudence, his painstaking scientific research, and his dignified, cultured bearing on all occasions he has now become firmly established as a tradition alongside his distinguished confrere, — and contemporary, — Sherlock Holmes.

The most severe criticism that has been leveled against these absorbing Thorndyke stories is that they are "old fashioned" in tone; even at times, in the earlier tales, of Victorian hue. For which let us be duly grateful as one contemplates innumerable modern trends in a field of creative writing which has finally received its justified award of merit.

Space does not allow an extended survey of Dr. Freeman's varied accomplishments; yet, emphasis should be placed upon his supreme mastery of the "inverted order" detective story wherein the actual crime is staged in full detail before the reader who then follows the investigator's own search for the truth.

Richard Austin Freeman, has bequeathed to us a rich legacy, and those who make the acquaintance of Doctor John Thorndyke and his circle, amid the splendors of legal London, are destined to experience delight and enchantment.

P. M. STONE.
Waltham, Mass.

"I. G. I.?"—Cont.

SIR: I take this opportunity to add my remonstrance to the letter of Professor Barnes.

Anyone with a knowledge of the technique of propagandists can read

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"Ham on rye, a copy of 'Murder by Night,' and a bottle of bicarbonate of soda."

between the lines that his letter was an out and out pro-German document. Deleting from his letter the effulgence of medical terms and psychiatric pronouncements (of which he himself admits he has no knowledge), what does one find? A plain and simple declaration of pro-German sympathies.

He has merely attacked the six eminent psychiatrists as a subterfuge to get his innermost thoughts across to the unsuspecting reader. His letter is replete with inaccuracies and misstatements. For an historian of his repute to state that Germany has been the object of attack over the centuries is the sheerest nonsense. The war of 1870 which was eventually brought about by the falsified telegram received by Bismarck at Bad Ems is just an instance of the extent to which he has confused the issues and misstated the facts.

Whether the Germans are paranoics is completely beside the point. The facts, however, are that Germans within Germany have a world outlook and deportment absolutely different from any other nation on the face of the globe. One almost tires reading in history the number of times they have proclaimed themselves a persecuted nation. These are not my own thoughts but are facts which are to be found by anyone reading the historical record of Germany in its dealings with its neighbors.

The system of militarism whose fountainhead is in Germany goes back over the centuries. Militarism was emphasized and promoted to its high state under the regime of the late Kaiser—"The All Highest"—as he was known by his own countrymen. Nowhere on this globe during recent times has there been vested in the military cast such power as in Germany. It even spread over and seeped down in various forms to the most lowly government official. The "Beamte," high and low, has always been a person almost to be feared.

I ask Professor Barnes whether a like condition existed in England, France, Denmark, or any other nation? There just was no such thing.

The whole social structure of the German people within Germany had a pattern of obeisance which was handed down from father to child. It went right into the home as the children grew up and carried it on.

How peculiar it is that the Germans who have emigrated to other lands and lived under different environment have completely lost the overbearing and pompous attitude toward their fellow men. Right here in our own country, Germans of the first, second, third, and fourth generations have completely shed these characteristics.

I should like to call to the attention of Professor Barnes, and to other readers, a book written in 1916, by an eminent historian, Professor William Roscoe Thayer, entitled "Germany Versus Civilization." The statements by Professor Thayer predicated on the historical record of Germany are as true today as they were when he wrote his book in 1916. One need only substitute "Nazism" for "Kaiserism" and you have the same German ambitions, German conduct, and German action. It is a pity that this book is not available today except in the public libraries. Anyone doubting Germany's pernicious plans and doctrines against civilization should read it.

Professor Barnes's record is well known. Smith College took him to task resulting in his severance from that fine institution.

CLARENCE H. LOW.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I much appreciate your Editor's Note to the letters of Rex Stout and R. W. Pence in the 10-2-43 issue of *SRL*.

That Rex Stout should "gripe" I do not wonder, but it portends evil for an open forum when the other authorized signatories so readily concur because their prejudices have been punctured.

Thanks for not worrying about what is "safe" for your readers.

SWAN SIGFORD.

Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR: The complaint of Rex Stout *et al*, concerning your printing of Harry Elmer Barnes's comments on the "Is Germany Incurable?" argument suffers from errors often observed when littérateurs essay to censor social scientists:

(1) Refusal to face facts, proclivity to logomachy, *viz.*, when Barnes says, "Prussia ranks very low among the great nations of the world in warlike activities and proclivities throughout history," our literary men, in their own words, rub their popping eyes, but are loathe to look up Barnes's references for his statement, Professors Quincy Wright and Pitirim Sorokin.

(2) Projection: they accuse Barnes of "a cheap and vulgar jibe," but are themselves guilty when they commit the error of:

(3) Argumentum ad hominem, *viz.*, ". . . in view of Barnes's record" and again ". . . events have discredited both his scholarship and his sense." All this seems to me to be both "cheap and vulgar" and irrelevant.

In summary, the littérateurs apparently know little of the fundamentals of social science for they forward no rebuttal of any of Barnes's principal statements regarding the social theory involved. Aren't they a trifle brassy to play the role of censor?

GWYNNE NETTLER.

Palo Alto, Calif.

Struthers Burt and the Germans

SIR: Mr. Georg Mann's letter "Struthers Burt and the Germans" [*SRL*, Oct. 9] concludes with the scurrilous sentence "out here (a place called Chicago) we think that Philadelphia scrapple isn't even good for dog food."

Firstly, no Chicagoan knows what good Philadelphia scrapple is—with the possible exception of Walter Yust, editor of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." They may sometimes get the canned variety, but that is not the true ambrosia.

JUDGE LYNCH.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: My mild reminiscences of my student days in Germany are based on the belief, try as I may to overcome it, that despite all their grimness, the Germans are fundamentally a funny people.

After reading Mr. Georg Mann's letter in your last issue, I still think so.

STRUTHERS BURT.

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The Exile Theme

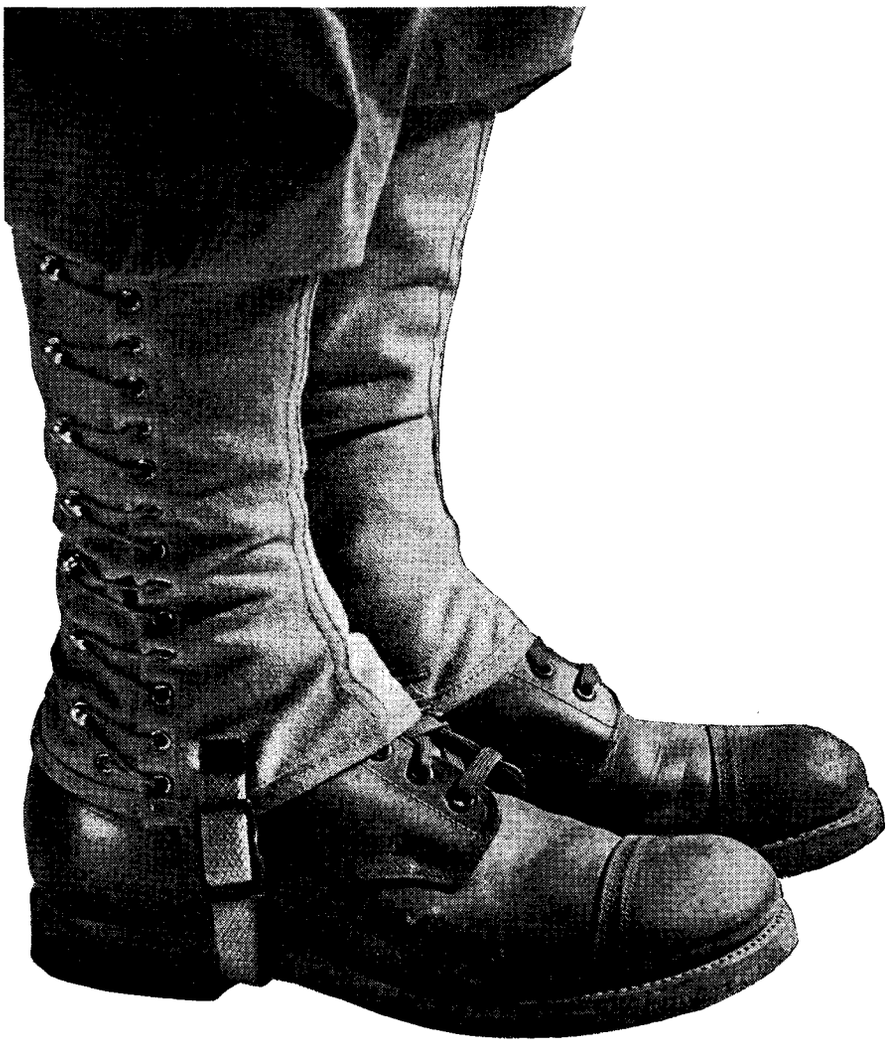
THE TORCH OF FREEDOM. Edited by Emil Ludwig and Henry B. Kranz. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 426 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

IN this book twenty exiles of today write about twenty exiles of history, from Ovid to Stefan Zweig. It seems strange that this collection, devoted mostly to men who drew strength from exile, should begin and end with a study of two men who, to put it colloquially and cruelly, "couldn't take it." The poet of the "Metamorphoses" spent his exile yearning for the pleasures of Rome and writing verses full of pleas and flatteries to the Emperor. In his masterly essay on Byron, André Maurois writes, "Exile, when it is connected with great events and accepted with fortitude, gives a poet a strange and durable prestige." Byron, Heinrich Heine, Victor Hugo were poets who accepted exile with fortitude and with a high sense of their destiny. Publius Ovidius Naso did not. In spite of Lion Feuchtwanger's delightful essay, one cannot help feeling that Ovid is a misfit in this company of freedom's torchbearers. As for Stefan Zweig, who committed suicide in Brazil in 1941, Raoul Auernheimer sees him as a martyr to the cause of personal freedom; but the fact remains that suicide is a negative gesture—a protest, not an affirmation.

Most of the men in this book believed strongly in a great cause and used their exile as a weapon to fight for it. King Olav of Norway, in the eleventh century, fought for Christianity, and for the unity, independence, and civilization of his country. In a beautifully writen essay Sigrid Undset shows why this medieval saint remains through the centuries "the symbol of a united Norway" that refuses to bow to alien rule, no matter how severe.

One finds here men who fought with the sword—Kosciuszko, Bolivar, Kossuth, Garibaldi; — and men who fought with the pen: Voltaire, Heine, Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Karl Marx, Zola, Lenin. Perhaps Lenin, with Masaryk and Sun Yat-sen, should be placed among the men of thought who were also "men of action." But this distinction is too trite. Who can tell which may have the greater practical consequences in the ultimate pages of history, Bolivar's victories on the battlefield or his dream of a Pan-American federation? Perhaps Alvarez del Vayo is right in saying that "The stateman in Bolivar was no less great than the warrior."



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have just published:— **FROM RIO GRANDE TO CAPE HORN** by Carleton Beals. Reviewers are calling it 'a pattern for the Western Hemisphere which can set the whole world an example.' **JOURNEY INTO AMERICA** by Donald Culross Peattie, who has made out of a shrewd selection of high—and low—points from American history an inspiring self-portrait of America. **MEIN KAMPF** by Adolf Hitler, complete in new and less formidable format, a new and easily-read translation by Ralph Manheim of a book which has divided the world in bloody struggle. **BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES,**

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1943 edited by Martha Foley, a brilliant selection of the up-to-the-minute best in writing and thinking in the field of American fiction. **LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT** by Charles Spalding and Otis Carney, a book of high (alt.40,000 ft.) comedy about flying for the Navy, with a refreshing sting beneath its froth. Already in its 26th thousand. And finally **NEW WORLD A-COMING** by Roi Ottley, a best seller by a Negro about Negroes, that every American, white or black, should read.

You will want to read many if not all of these books. Check the titles that interest you. Remember them.

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TRADE Winds

IT WAS one of those gatherings of well-heeled, super-sophisticated suburbanites with whom too many good writers have been spending too much of their time in recent years. The buffet disposed of, the guests began a furious round of parlor games, panicky lest a few precious minutes be squandered in mere conversation. Eventually somebody proposed a game of literary charades, and I mean to tell you the two that ended the proceedings just this side of mayhem. . . . Number one. Three matrons are gossiping idly about their children. Suddenly the Marx Brothers burst into the room, sling the bewildered ladies like sacks of meal over their shoulders, and make off with them. Question: what famous novel does this represent? Answer: The Brothers Carry Mas Off. . . . Number two. Mrs. Jones and her daughter operate a chicken farm. Mrs. Jones sends said daughter out to check on the number of eggs the chickens have laid one morning. Daughter reports in a speech of four syllables. Question: what distinguished living novelist does her answer represent? Answer: Some Are Set, M'arm. . . .

MR. MAUGHAM in person, happily oblivious of these goings-on, has completed his new novel, "Razor's Edge," and sold it for serialization to *Red Book*, prior to its publication by Doubleday in the Spring. For picture rights, Mr. Maugham's agent is asking the modest sum of $250,000, and, what's more, he will probably get it. . . . In 1927, Hollywood bought an earlier work by the same author for $13,500. It was called "Of Human Bondage," and was produced with Leslie Howard cast as Philip Carey, and a then unknown girl named Bette Davis in the role of Mildred. . . . "Razor's Edge," like the current Number One best-seller, "The Robe," is religious in theme. . . . Lloyd Douglas himself is seriously considering Simon Peter, the fisherman who followed Jesus, as the central character for his next opus. . . . Sensing a definite trend, Little, Brown are publishing a handsome new edition of that favorite old religious novel "Quo Vadis," and Arthur Hornblow has announced a new picture version for the Spring. My favorite dialectician called him when he heard the news and asked "Who's going to play Quo?" . . .

THE WARMEST PIECE on the late Billy Phelps I have seen was written by Maurice Firuski for his column in *The Lakeville Journal*. "Sometimes," admits Firuski, "he was a bit stagey, as on the occasion shortly after the death of Henry James when Billy, raising his head toward a classroom ceiling, said to the shade of the great author, 'You do agree, don't you, Henry?'" . . .

AMATEUR ANTHOLOGISTS frequently discover that there is more trouble involved in getting permission to include copyrighted stories than there is in finding the stories themselves. The authors, agents, and original publishers all have their own ideas of what story rights are worth. Some demand a flat, outright payment; others figure the cost at so much a word. Still others want a pro rata royalty. Practically every publisher today demands, and rightly so, an extra compensation if the anthology in question is sold to a book club

or, later on, to a reprint publisher. When permissions must be secured from England, the delays are interminable, and the stack of correspondence mounts to the ceiling. . . . When Jack Goodman was compiling his anthology of dog stories, he wanted to include three tales by E. B. White. White, no neophyte in the ways of anthologists, was willing to give him the stories, but added the proviso:

> As for pay, I want to be paid neither more nor less than any other contributor (based on length of material)—a stipulation you will find impossible to meet unless you have worked out such an equable arrangement in advance, and if you have you are one anthologist in a hundred.
>
> I am a bug on this subject. Remember, now,—neither more nor less than any other contributor.

Goodman answered: "I would like to make a bet of a quarter that you cannot find three anthologists in the whole world who have worked out such an equable arrangement," and offered him the average based upon the length of the material. White wrote back pointing out that *"The New Yorker Book of Verse," "The New Yorker Short Story Book,"* and *"The New Yorker Albums"* were arranged on his suggested basis. At this point Goodman sent him his quarter together with a new proposition, which read:

> I will pay you for one of your pieces at the highest price that anybody in the book is getting. I will pay for another at the lowest price anybody is getting. For the third, I will pay you the exact average of all the permission costs in the book. This way, I am sort of sticking to your idea of paying you neither more nor less than anybody else gets.

White's acceptance letter read:

> Thank you for the quarter, which I am enjoying. Having demonstrated the infamy of your ways and pointed to the wretched injustice and favoritism with which your project reeks, I will unbend and release the material on your terms (highest price for one, lowest price for another, middle price for the third).

The correspondence closed with a letter of Goodman's reading: "Thanks. A check for a somewhat peculiar sum will be forwarded to you as soon as we get the kinks out of our computator." . . .

THE HOUSE OF KNOPF intimates that there is something deliberate in the almost universal disregard by the press of a provocative and inflammatory pamphlet by John Balderston called "Chicago Blueprint." Mr. Balderston attacks *The Chicago Tribune* and its satellites, in fictional form, for reprinting three days before Pearl Harbor a confidential document that had been drawn up by the United States high command, and that detailed the nation's preparations and plans in the event of total war. The pamphlet takes the form of a memorandum by a Nazi secret agent, with frequent marginal comments initialled "A.H." Unfortunately, it is extremely difficult to read, and the author would have made his point more emphatically if he had sacrificed some of his ingenuity in favor of clarity. In that event, reviewers might have been more ready to comment, too. Certainly there are a score of leading critics in America who have never made any bones about their reaction to Colonel McCormick and his policies. . . .

LEONORA (BUBBLES) SCHINASI has completed a first novel which is going to surprise a number of people. She is calling it "Birthday." Months after she had chosen the title, she discovered that Ernst Lubitsch owned the rights to it. Just before she left the coast, he phoned her. "Bubbles," he said, "I have decided to rename my picture 'Heaven Can Wait.' So into one box I have put the title 'Birthday.' Into another I have put a gold bracelet. Which do you choose for a Christmas gift?" "I'll take the bracelet," said Miss Schinasi. "You'll

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"Buy a copy of this Marx's 'Das Kapital'—then tear it up in his face."

take 'Birthday,'" said Lubitsch, and hung up. . . . It was Miss Schinasi who discovered, or at least passed on to me, the interesting fact that John Marquand's heroines have the same initials too often to be mere coincidence. In "The Late George Apley" it was Mary Monahan. In "H. S. Pulham" it was Marvin Myles. And in "So Little Time" it is Marianna Miller! . . . Every day seems to be "M" Day for Mr. Marquand. . . . Did you note the episode in "So Little Time" where a play script by a Columbia professor of Economics turned up? "This was not strange," commented Marquand, "since Columbia professors do almost everything except teach there." . . .

OSA JOHNSON, already famous for her African adventures and her lemon meringue pies, has had a new distinction conferred upon her. The Smithsonian Institution has given her name to an ant found only in one of the Solomon Islands, which Osa was the first white woman to explore. Osa informed the scientists who named the ant that she herself was an antphobe, and would have preferred to have her name bestowed upon a bird or an orchid. The scientist replied that she evidently did not understand that the ant was not only a beautiful one, but had 365 more hairs on each leg than any other ant in the world. "He meant it as a compliment," Osa explained loyally. . . .

ON PUBLISHERS' ROW . . . To be married: in London, golden-haired "Jerry" Morris, effervescent ex-wife of one of America's most prominent theatrical agents, and beetle-browed Captain Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, editor of *PM,* former minion of Henry Luce and Harold Ross, grandson of the Ward McAllister who named New York's "Four Hundred." Handsomest wedding gift: by the Book-of-the-Month Club: a November selection of Ingersoll's new book, "The Battle Is the Pay-Off." . . . Contract signed: Emil Ludwig, biographer of Napoleon and Hindenburg, and author of "The Nile," will write a definitive life of Adolf Hitler for Random House in America, Hamish Hamilton in London. Novel stipulation of contract calls for delivery of completed manuscript within one year of subject's death or downfall. The publishers scarcely can wait! . . . Suit dropped: Errol Flynn's claim for two million dollars' damages against Constancia de la Mora for an allegedly defamatory paragraph in her "In Place of Splendor," published by Harcourt in 1940, has been quietly erased from the calendar. No money changed hands. . . .

NEW MANHATTAN EDITOR of Bobbs-Merrill: Halsey Munson, formerly of Harper's. He replaces Archie Ogden, now serving as executive director of the Council on Books in Wartime. . . . The story of the Eighth Bomber Command's first year of operations in Europe will be published by Simon and Schuster under the title of "Target: Germany." . . . A Radio City wit suggests that in the event that a bookstore finds itself with an oversupply of Laura Hobson's novel, the publishers send a note reading "Forgive us our Trespassers." . . .

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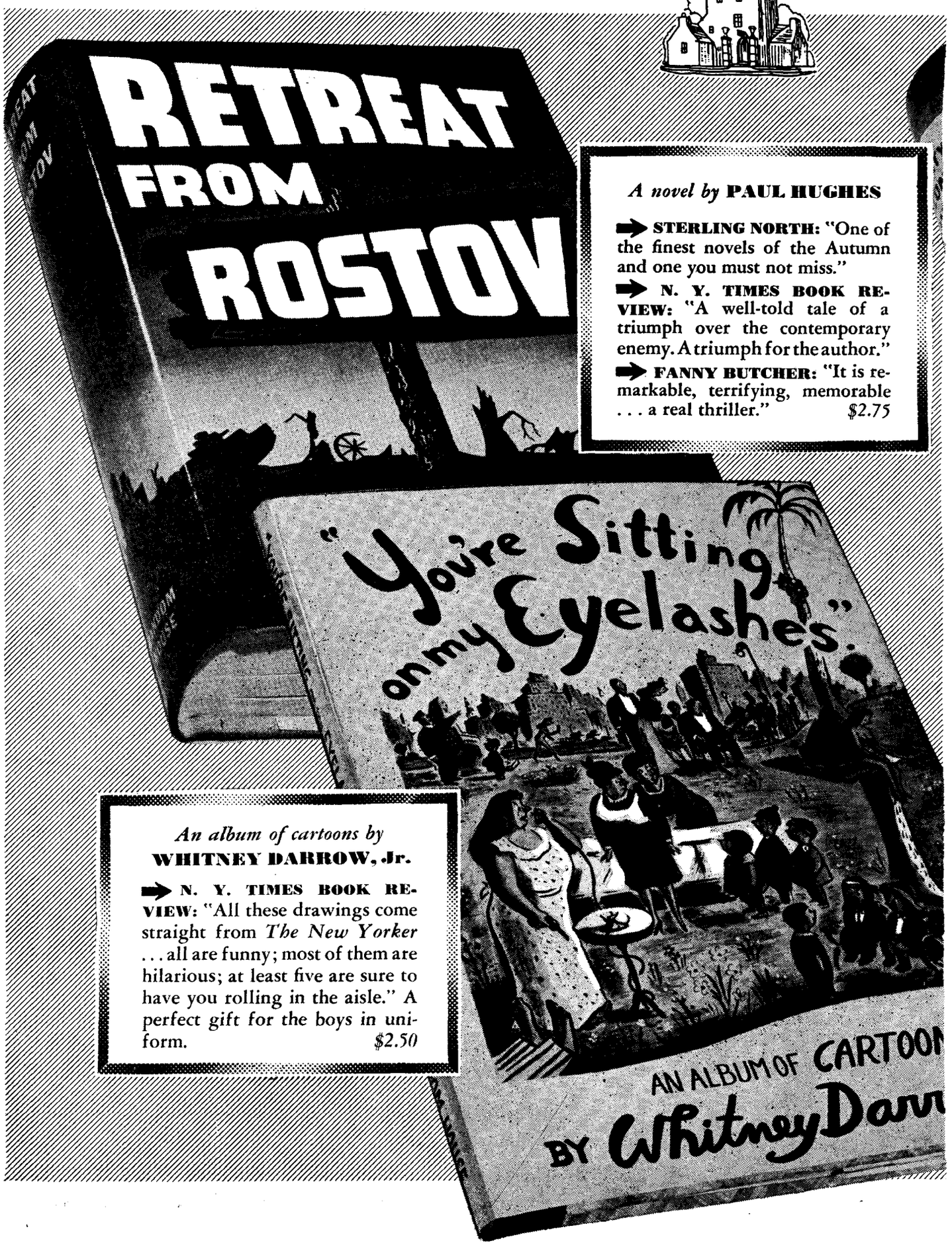

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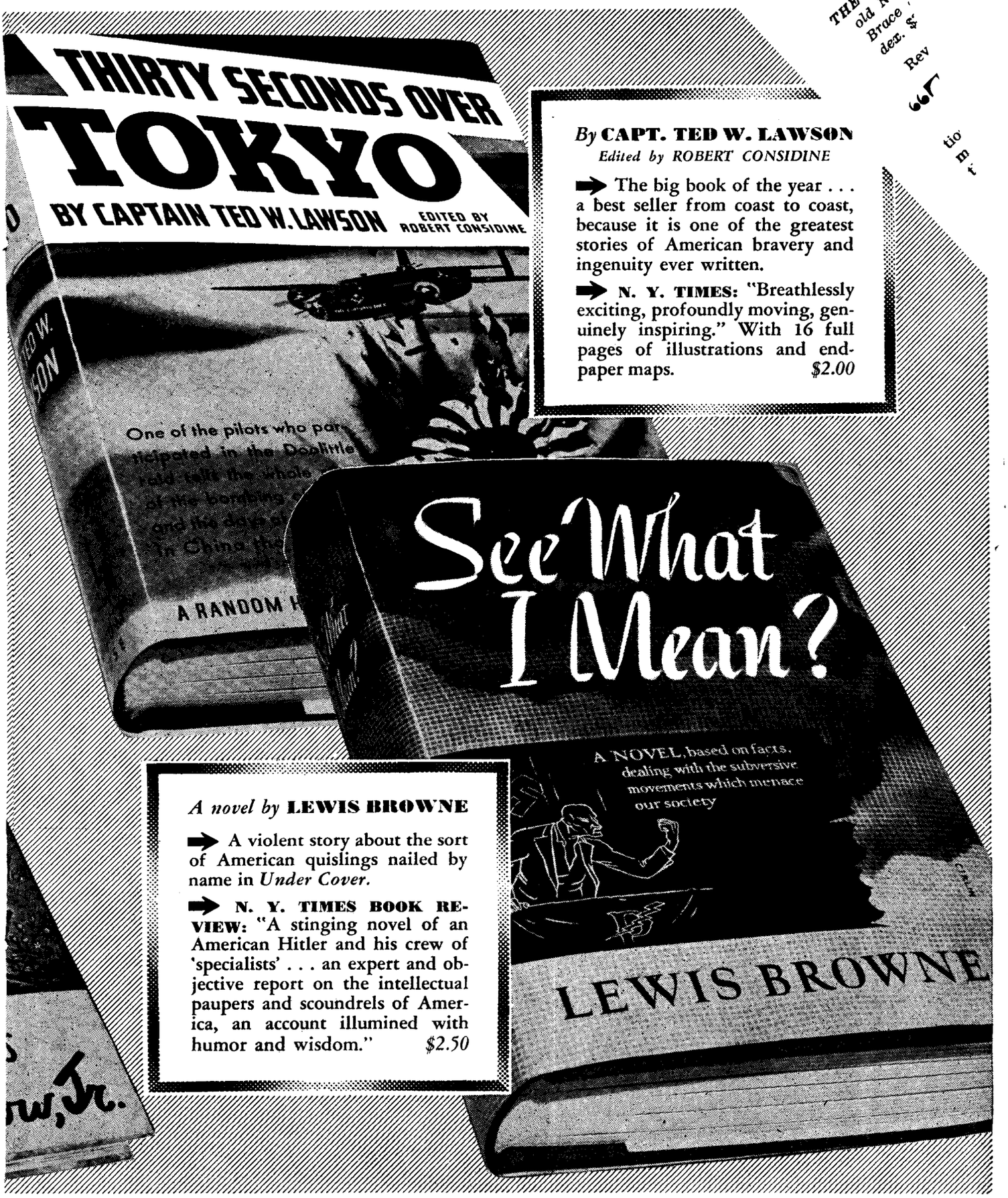
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ɔnd of Freedom and Ireland

RE TO PLEASE. By Harɔlson. New York: Harcourt, & Co. 1943. 210 pp. and In-
3.50.

iewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE trouble about ideas," said the arm-chair philosopher, "is that men of acn will fall in love with them: arry them, fall out of love and hen put them on the streets, where they infect the mob." In this biographical study of his great-great grandfather Archibald Hamilton Rowan Mr. Nicolson gives pathetic evidence of the truth of this realistic saying. Hamilton Rowan, a gentle giant of a man, with no taint of meanness or malice in him, generous, reckless, timid, self-depreciatory, was of the best families of the Irish ascendency. He was born in 1751, and so was susceptible to the ideas which made and sprang from the two great revolutions, of America and France: and his whole being responded to the new doctrines which ran through Europe. He was an Irishman, and so his devotion to freedom, equality, and the rights of the people took color from the strange, enchanted island which has captured its conquerors so often, so irrevocably.

Rowan was not discreet, nor wise; and he linked his fortune with the United Irishmen, that band of heroes, braggarts, clowns, and traitors who risked and possibly postponed Ireland's day of freedom by an alliance with the French, when England was at war with France. Wolf Tone, Napper Tandy, McNally, Robert Emmett, Edward Fitzgerald, William Drennan —the names are familiar to all Irishmen, and have not lost their power to quicken emotion. Except, it would seem, in Harold Nicolson. It is true that he is but half-Irish; but less Irish than that has sent some men on the quest to restore the four green fields to the lady who owns them, or at least to cheer on those who adventure on that enterprise. Curiosity, amusement, affection,—all these Mr. Nicolson can feel for his ancestor's quixotic campaigns; but throughout the book he seems a little sad that the "big darlint man"—as I've no doubt the Dublin crowd call'd him—should have so little moderation, so much violence, and so little discretion.

Hamilton Rowan lost his head and his heart. He very nearly lost his life—for if he had not broken jail in 1794 and fled to France and thence to America he would certainly have perished either as did Lord Edward "resisting arrest," or on the scaffold. It is a pity that Mr. Nicolson could not exercise more imagination on Rowan's character. In his own eyes the man was no more a traitor than was Kossuth, or Garibaldi: and history has confirmed Rowan's opinion, since England has admitted, by her own action, that her hold on Ireland was intolerable.

Everything was done that could be done to detach young Rowan from Ireland. He was taken away from his father at Castle Killyleagh by his English mother, and educated in England; his maternal grandfather, leaving him a fortune, made it a condition that he should graduate from Oxford or Cambridge and not set foot in Ireland until he was twenty-five:

Harold Nicolson

he managed the first condition easily enough, in spite of his rowdiness as an undergraduate at Cambridge, but more than once he slipped back to Ireland and his disreputable father. In 1771 he paid his first visit to America; he came to Charleston in the suite of Lord Charles Montagu, Governor of North Carolina, and the lad of twenty years noted that "the bickerings between England and the Colonies were becoming serious"; and when war broke out he was ready to help two British officers to get commissions in the American forces, an act which Mr. Nicolson dubs "disloyal" and an "attempt to recruit senior officers for service with our enemies." A good many Britons in those days thought of the King and Lord North as "enemies" rather than the armies of General Washington.

From this time on Hamilton Rowan was "agin" the government. He was never a prudent man, nor cautious until after the event. I can see nothing puzzling in his character or conduct: there must have been thousands like him in Russia and in Germany and in Italy in the last twenty-five years. He was a failure except in magnanimity and kindness. When the United Irishmen were broken and he joined the tiny group who would have brought the French into Ireland, the chief informer, the pitiful Cokayne, had in Rowan's writing a plea for the French invasion. It would have hanged him, had he been caught. Mr. Nicolson tells with all his old brilliance the story of his ancestor's escape; and the misery he underwent in France where he was promptly by mischance clapped into a pestilent jail at Brest, released by pure accident, and then taken in honor to Paris to see Robespierre on the day of the Feast of Reason, and could take no advantage of the interview as he was in the grip of jail-fever.

He was happier in America. At Wilmington he enjoyed the company of Caesar Rodney, Dr. Tilton, Mr. Bayard; happier than he had been in Philadelphia from which city he wrote in 1796 that he was "disgusted by the rough manners of the people." Meanwhile his wife was working hard to have him pardoned; in 1800 he was told that if he took ship to Europe he would not be arrested by any British ship, and he left Philadelphia "accompanied by an opossum, his dog, a red bird and a bag of bird seed." He came to London in 1803, and two years later, after asking for pardon on his knees before the Court of Kings' Bench, he was allowed to live in Ireland.

His return to his ancestral home was a triumphal progress. He was still a friend of freedom and of Ireland; but he was grateful that his family had been spared by the English, grateful that he could come home and was not compelled to disown his past. But he was out of politics. When young Shelley approached him in 1812 Rowan made no response, but his last public appearance was at a meeting organized by the Friends of Civil and Religious Liberty.

A figure, heroic and comic, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in one, comes to life in Mr. Nicolson's book. The sense of immediacy, of the present reality of Hamilton Rowan and his troubles is cunningly increased by the chapters, at the beginning and end, in which the author tells of his own life in Ireland. Mr. Nicolson's outlook on past and present distresses in Ireland is clear and sensible; but he has so written that most readers will fall under the spell of that romance which cannot die so long as men like Hamilton Rowan are remembered and revered.

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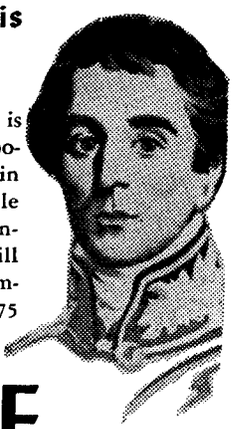

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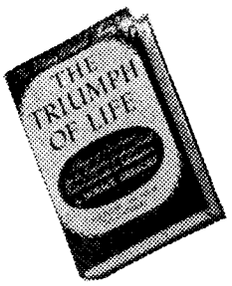

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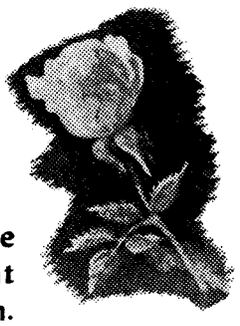

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Under the Musical Sun

MUSIC FOR ALL OF US. By Leopold Stokowski. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 340 *pp. with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

OUR musical life, while brilliant, ever growing, and deepening, is still largely conditioned by hero worship. There exists a belief that the great figures of the concert podium are the authoritative interpreters of their art no matter through what medium they express themselves. Since these great artists are seldom schooled in letters the results of their excursions into print are usually devoid of the requisites of literature and scholarship. Whatever one's opinion of Mr. Stokowski's musical interpretations, he is indisputably a master of the orchestra, a conductor endowed with superlative abilities. As an author he cuts a pathetic figure. "Music for All of Us" is a naive pot-pourri of everything under the musical sun. The 340-page book has forty chapters, some of them discussing weighty issues on three pages. The chapters deal with esthetics, philosophy, and history of music, musical anthropology, ethnology, sociology, and acoustics; the whole liberally sprinkled with random remarks on the technical side of musical performance. The chapter headings constitute the only discernible plan of organization, but this is counter-balanced by a uniformly tender and sentimental tone, revelling in tried clichés.

The esthetic and historical parts are incredibly primitive, the author even confuses rhythm with meter, contrapuntal polyphony with many-voiced homophony. What one cannot understand is how his publishers' readers overlooked such gems as this: "In early times in the Catholic Church the right side of the altar as we face it was called Decani, and the left side Cantoris."

—*Halsman*

Leopold Stokowski

While the book contains some interesting remarks relating to the author's own field, conducting, and a fair textbook summary of elementary acoustics, there just is no *raison d'être* for such an amateurish compilation; the country has too many competent professional writers on music, as well as a growing literature of great merit, to condone such superficiality no matter how well meant. The reader is inclined to hope that a man so closely identified with the present scene and—unlike most other conductors — admittedly sympathetic toward the future will offer some thoughtful pages on the music that is to come. But he finds the worst type of pseudo-esthetics: "The future symphony is foreshadowed in Beethoven . . ." etc. Well, then, whom does Shostakovich foreshadow, or did anyone ever write a symphony that was free of shadows, just a plain good symphony standing on its own legs? It is disappointing that the man who dares to call the tune for Bach to dance, the imperious artist who can take any scratch orchestra and make it sound like a first-class ensemble, turns out to be such a sentimental ingénue of an author.

Music to Fight By

SONGS OF MANY WARS. From the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century. Edited and Arranged by Kurt Adler. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1943. 221 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLARD RHODES

OF the multitude of war songs that come to us today through the medium of the radio, the phonograph, and the sound track of the motion picture, none has achieved the popularity of George M. Cohan's "Over There" of World War I. This lack of leadership in our contemporary war songs cannot be explained solely on the basis of merit. Modern technological developments of the past quarter century have so completely revolutionized methods of distribution of music and various forms of entertainment that national and international popularity for a war song becomes increasingly difficult to attain. The new production tempo of industry has infected the song-maker's field. Before one number has had time to establish itself in the affections of the public it is crowded into the background by the latest piece from the assembly line. In harmony with the accelerated social changes the spirit of man continues to exteriorize itself in song.

This volume is a memorial to that undying spirit of liberty and freedom which has found expression in song through the ages. In attempting to cover world history in song from the religious and feudal wars of the Middle Ages through the present global conflict, the editor's problem has been one of selection. For the periods up to the American Civil War representation has been necessarily limited to such classics as Martin Luther's "Ein' Feste Burg," "La Marseillaise," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and other national songs similarly familiar. Even the period of the First World War is inadequately represented as a result of the copyright restrictions which protect that rich crop of songs emanating from the Allied nations.

Of historical and musical interest are the little known national anthems of the states of Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, newly created by the Versailles Peace Treaty. The Czech anthem, with its lyric melody in the major mode, is coupled to the characteristic, rhythmic Slovakian anthem in the minor mode, thus doing justice to the ethnic constituents of that freedom-loving republic. The Jugoslav anthem underlines its national unity by combining the national hymns of Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia.

Without discrediting the first part of this welcome anthology of war songs one can safely state that the value of Mr. Adler's contribution is concentrated in the last hundred pages of the book. Here he has made available to the American public for the first time in printed form a new literature of songs that has been sustaining the spirit and hopes of men throughout the world since the close of World War I. Marching and fighting songs of the Chinese nationals, the International Brigade, organized to help the Spanish Republic in its civil war against fascism, Norway's underground army, Jugoslavian guerrilla fighters, the Chetniks, the Red Army of Soviet Russia, the Prague Libertad Theatre, and the pathetic *Peat Bog Soldiers,* from the Boergermoor Concentration Camp in Nazi Germany, are items of timely interest to all Americans. Many of these songs are avail-

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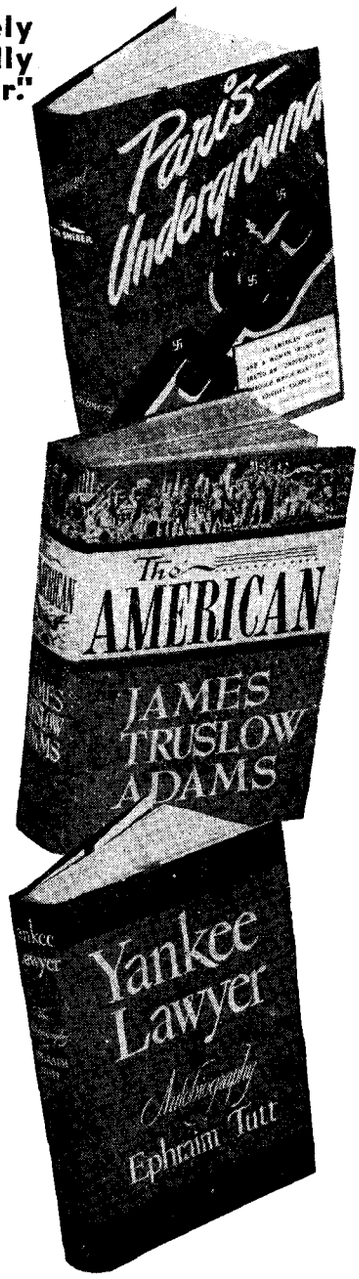

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK**

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able on Keystone phonograph recordings, but others of them are completely new in this country.

Songs from this side the Atlantic include Reed and Miller's "Marching Thru Berlin," written at the request of the Office of War Information and featured in the motion picture, "Stage Door Canteen," the ballad, "The Good Reuben James," the folk-like "Beltline Girl" and "Deliver the Goods," all three from the repertoire of the Almanac Singers.

The piano arrangements of the songs are a bit too thickly harmonized for the taste of this reviewer but Mr. Adler in his preface has justified them with the statement that "war songs must be swelled by full harmonies." The publisher will doubtlessly correct in later editions a misprint in the musical score at the bottom of page 82, where an A sharp appears in the vocal line and in the piano accompaniment. It is evident that the alteration was intended only for the F in the piano part. Each song is introduced with a short and neatly phrased paragraph

—Courtesy, Henry Holt & Co.

setting forth the history and circumstances of the composition. Mention must be made of Jay Williams's fluent translations of foreign texts.

It is a pleasure to recommend this book to all Americans who have an interest in the spirit of their allies; "the fighters in all lands and in all ages for liberty and independence." The contents of this novel collection will provide many pleasant hours of entertainment for those who enjoy making music in the home.

And Then Came the Gas Buggy

EXCUSE MY DUST. By Bellamy Partridge. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 359 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR TRAIN

THE scenes of his childhood are dear to the heart of Bellamy Partridge, who was born in the village of Phelps in the David Harum County of Northern New York and whose pen turns with fond remembrance of the nostalgic day of the livery stable, the buggy, and the gig. In "Country Lawyer," published four years ago, he produced an authentic piece of Americana in which he entertainingly and poignantly recreated the bucolic life centering around the office of a small-town lawyer at the turn of the century. It was, of its kind, a good book and enjoyed a considerable success. In "Excuse My Dust" he has attempted to do the same thing, substituting the garage for the law office. Without belittling Mr. Partridge's ability to recall picturesque characters, sights, and smells, the book, in this reviewer's opinion, lacks many of the attributes that gave the other a certain distinction.

It is, to be frank, a fictionized account of the early development of the automobile, the impact of its advent upon the life of a pastoral community, the first hostile reaction, and its eventual triumph over the "hoss." As such most of it is instructive and amusing, but before the reader is two-thirds through the book he may well feel that he is in a repair shop surrounded by a collection of antique and decrepit models with a well informed friend who insists upon telling him all about them.

Indeed, throughout, the characters move, or stand rather, amid a welter of grease cups, dead spark plugs, broken springs, mudguards, radiators, windshields, and improvised jacks.

Mr. Partridge knows a lot about motor cars and in order to impart his information hangs his narrative upon the business progress of a young Horatio Alger-like mechanical genius, Tom Hunter, supplementing them with solid pages of straight exposition which might easily have come out of some "Story of the Motor Car."

This is carried so far that towards the end of the book, when Mr. Partridge's flood of stories about hand downs is reaching the bottom of the tank, paragraph after paragraph begins with such sentences as:

> In the first automobile race ever held in this country, which took place in Chicago in 1895, the winner, a Duryea car, made the fifty-four-mile course in ten hours and twenty-three minutes, or
>
> The honor of being the first woman to receive a driver's license went to Miss Julie E. Bracken of Chicago in 1900.

The book is neither history nor fiction. This reviewer does not quarrel with Mr. Partridge's facts, but he objects to having them slipped into him like castor oil between layers of orange juice. They do not serve to intensify any emotion he may have pumped up over the suggested romance between the noble Mr. Hunter and the dashingly beautiful Lucy Brackett. He prefers to take his fact or fiction neat.

Mr. Partridge fortunately presents most of his data in anecdotal form, but the majority of them lack the pungency of those assembled in "Country Lawyer," while the vignettes of village characters are as a whole less vivid and arresting. "Excuse My Dust" will doubtless interest mechanically-minded motor fans, while other readers who skip through it will be entertained by the realism of Mr. Partridge's humorous descriptions of the conflict between the "hoss" and the "motorcycle"; but the (literally) mechanical devices by which he tells his story destroys the reader's sense of conviction. The material it contains could with profit have been condensed and combined with that in "Country Lawyer" of which it is a somewhat disappointing echo. All of which is not to say that "Excuse My Dust" is not good fun with plenty of laughs and a lot of information concerning the *acouchment* of the motor car which may strain the credulity of the young and cause a reminiscent chuckle in those of an older generation brought up by the jingle of trace chains, the creak of the oxcart, the shill of locusts, the sweet odor of newmown hay, timothy, and dry attic timber, the scent of herbs, harness leather, and ammonia,—before the rusty, hesitating clang of the village clock was drowned by the honk of "autos" roaring by at the breakneck speed of twelve miles an hour.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 17

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 17 *will be found in the next issue.*

WXYZAZB CDFGG HWZ XIKZLH

XM FP OPKQCHOLZ DFR IZ,

HWZ OPKQCHOLZ OHCZGM

DFR IZ AZBR SBZFH.—

ODDFPQZG TFPH—

"UZBUZHQFG UZFLZ"

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 16

O MOZART, IMMORTAL MOZART, WHAT COUNTLESS IMAGES OF A BRIGHTER AND BETTER WORLD THOU HAST STAMPED UPON OUR SOULS!—FRANZ SCHUBERT—DIARY.

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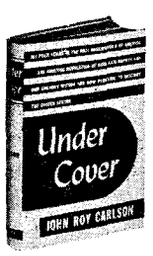

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Russian Climax

RETREAT FROM ROSTOV. By Paul Hughes. New York: Random House. 1943. 586 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE scene of Mr. Hughes's novel is Taganrog and Rostov-on-the-Don, the time from November 4 to December 6, 1941. These are the days which saw Hitler's forces thrown back for the first time. A momentous period which affords dramatic opportunity to the writer. Unfortunately Mr. Hughes's attempt to depict, through a number of loosely interwoven human stories, the Russian victory which was the Nazis' defeat, and to juxtapose Russian fanataсism and the hollowness of German methodism, seems to me to fall short of the possibilities.

Is it unfair to tell a young and ambitious author of his first novel's failure? It would be if he had no talent at all, and his artistic development were a matter of nobody's concern. But Mr. Hughes has talent. He has the patience of the epic writer and a certain pictorial sense. Despite the lengthiness of his narrative, and the stiffness and repetitious verbosity of his dialogue, he displays a definite sense for climax.

But his characters fail to come alive, and their actions rest on no psychological necessity. His main German character is a colonel whose military assignment remains more or less obscure. One of his more general duties is the recruiting of prostitutes who, according to the tale, form, as a "Women's Corps," part of a regiment or a division or whatever Colonel Pfeiffer's outfit is supposed to be. The colonel himself has chosen one of these women, a Polish girl, as his mistress—and he not only not objects to her sharing quarters with the prostitutes to whose good graces any private has access, but he also takes her along to mass where he has her seated beside him and his high-ranking comrades. Why Mr. Hughes has a brothel the center of his fantastic Nazi scenes, is not easy to discover. Did he want to demonstrate the depravity of Hitler's officers and the demoralization of his soldiers? Whatever his reasons may have been, he has failed to carry conviction in his portrayal.

Mr. Hughes's accounts of the thirty days' battle itself are evidently based on more accurate research. But they are scarcely integrated into the different plots, and, though well done as *tours de force,* cannot make up for the complete absence of any creditable atmosphere of battle and war.

Richard Llewellyn again shows a fine and compassionate understanding.

Paul Hughes depicts the Russian victory which was the Nazis' defeat.

One wonders how on earth such a group of disguised civilians as he represents the German Army to be could ever cross their own country's border, let alone approach the gates of the Caucasus. With astonishing ease, enlisted men talk back to their superiors, move freely around some miles behind the lines, desert and loiter for days under the very noses of their commanders. Everybody around Rostov seems to go into, and return from, battle practically at will. The actions of the Russians are little credible enough. But compared with Mr. Hughes ideas of the Nazi army, his Russians are Dostoievskean. One cannot but wish the real Nazi army were anything like what he imagines it to be.

Mr. Hughes is young and this is his first novel. He set himself a difficult task in it in the depiction of an epic struggle. If he contents himself in his next book with a less ambitious subject, there is reason to believe that he may meet with greater success.

The Darker London

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART. By Richard Llewellyn. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 444 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

WHATEVER faults Richard Llewellyn may have as a novelist, it cannot be denied that he tells a story supremely well. He proved that with his enormously popular "How Green Was My Valley," and now he makes it evident that he is not only a good story teller but a versatile one.

Few readers of the earlier nostalgic and somewhat sentimental tale of a Welsh mining community would be able to identify him as the author of this hard-boiled story of the London underworld. Using as his central character a brash and shallow-minded cockney boy who wanted easy money and the kind of amusement that can be purchased at a Fun Fair, he skilfully develops a story of fast action and mounting violence that has only one thing in common with "How Green Was My Valley." Both books show a fine and compassionate understanding of the ordinary man; both books are peopled with characters who are as earthy as Welsh coal or the mud underfoot on a London street. And with such characters the author has woven a tale of human destiny that is in the rich tradition established by Dickens and Victor Hugo.

Nineteen-year-old Ernest Verdun Mott was supposed to follow his father's footsteps and become an artist, but he soon found that such a career required discipline and hard work. It was much pleasanter to spend time with a pretty girl who presided over the amusement machines at the Fun Fair, and then he discovered that money wasn't difficult to get if you weren't too scrupulous about the way you got it. Once he was initiated into the ways of the underworld, he learned rapidly. But he also learned that the very efficient police system of London was his enemy and that the omnipresent "lamp duffers" were strongly prejudiced against the easy-money boys.

If the author of "Studs Lonigan" were to rewrite "Oliver Twist" in cockney dialect, a story like this might emerge, for "None But the Lonely Heart," despite its poetic title, is a tale of underworld violence as tough as Farrell's Chicago sagas and yet as movingly human as Dickens's immortal story of the poor boy who never had enough.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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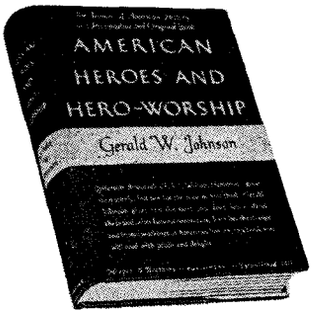

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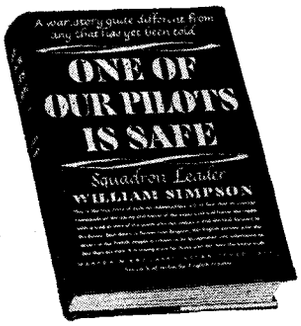

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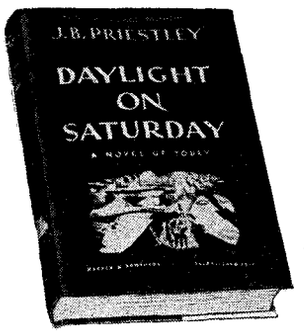

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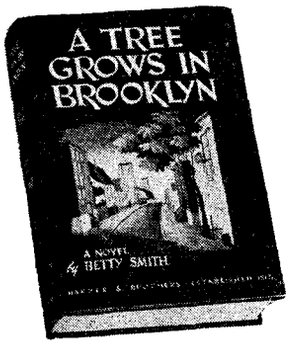

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—*Wide World*

Ivan Heilbut

Fate Without Tears

BIRDS OF PASSAGE. By Ivan Heilbut. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 331 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

STRANGE as it may seem, this novel of persecution, struggle, flight from Nazi-brutality, and revenge is full of charm and the joy of life. It is as if the author had gone through the frightful experiences so long ago, that they now seem somewhat unreal. The fall of France, the stupidity—if not treachery—of the petty French officials, the defeatism of the French soldiers who had less hope in France than the refugees who were interned in a concentration camp, all this is described in a casual, even elegant, prose, and at no moment does the author mourn his fate or ask for pity.

Mr. Heilbut's story is typical of innumerable families who were loyal to France, but interned by the French authorities and set free only at the very moment the Nazis arrived. In a concentration camp that sheltered some high-ranking professors and writers was an Alsatian corporal who was more Prussian than anyone of the Prussians and who almost succeeded in handing over the camp to the fast-advancing Nazis. How this was prevented is Mr. Heilbut's story, and a good one at that.

The story takes on more of the character of a biography than of a novel. But since the adventures of his three-months-old baby are told with a rare charm and a moving simplicity, one does not mind that the autobiographical elements dominate the story until the very end. Mr. Heilbut describes the camp "La Macabre" in a straightforward manner which is more impressive than any dramatization. Apparently he never lost his sense of humor, for the paragraphs which he devotes to the rich diamond merchant and his veritable court that functioned even in the misery of the internment camp, are decidedly funny. Moreover, in spite of his bitter experiences with the authorities, he never accuses the French, as a nation, of the things which were done by traitors, petty bureaucrats, and Nazi-paid officials in the higher ranks. Many a Frenchman helped him and his family, many a Frenchman was ashamed of the way the authorities handled these men who were not only loyal to France but ready to fight for her.

One regrets that Mr. Heilbut doesn't tell us how he, his Swedish wife, and his blond baby finally managed to get out of France . . . but maybe there are good reasons for not telling this last chapter now. For this last chapter is still only a dream for many who were less fortunate than the author of "Birds of Passage," and who are still behind the bars of the cage which is France today.

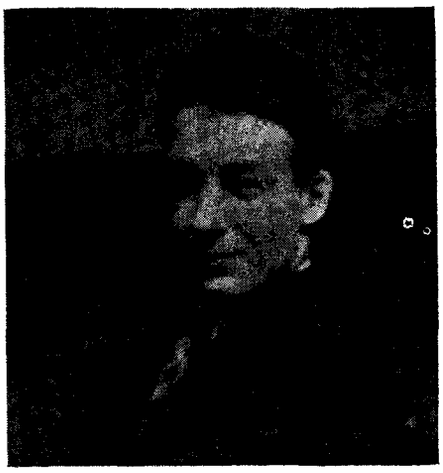
Hair-Trigger Politics

TIDEWATER. By Clifford Dowdey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 332 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

DESPITE a real talent for vividness, Clifford Dowdey in this melodrama of the Mississippi frontier in the 1830's has not sufficiently brightened the old materials and old characters which he uses to make his story one which deserves more than casual consideration. Joseph Hergesheimer long ago put more of the real color of the Mississippi melodrama of cotton snobs on the bluff beside poor, tough people on the shore under the hill into one short story than Mr. Dowdey has succeeded in getting into his whole book. Indeed, "Tidewater" somehow gives the impression of a provincial road company energetically performing a frayed melodrama.

This is unfortunate because Mr. Dowdey can put words together with feeling and skill. Yet beyond the book's vivid beginning as "Tidewater," who is Caffey Wade, Virginia gentleman, arrives in Chemauga City to find himself approximately bankrupt, Mr. Dowdey seems to have written his book like a man doing a routine exercise in routine fiction. His historical research seems superficial and his attempt to relate his love story to the high stakes and hair-trigger politics of the Mississippi valley is never quite convincing.



Alexander Saxton

Shock of Discovery

GRAND CROSSING. By Alexander Saxton. New York: Harper & Bros. 1943. 410 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

GRAND CROSSING is a railway junction in Chicago. The name may also be applied to a period of mental climacteric, when borders are crossed and old horizons are swept away, and it makes a happy title for Alexander Saxton's novel. Michael Reed or Alexander Saxton, for they are one, goes forth on the young man's grand tour of education. Once this used to mean Europe and then a university berth, but Reed's tour, starting conventionally enough, passes through a modern itinerary uncharted and unupholstered, upon which the bridges are destroyed as he passes. There can be no simple return. Harvard first, yes, then out of a gnawing dissatisfaction Chicago, and then the pattern breaks up, strong medicine is needed. Reed gets jobs picking crops, rides the freights, becomes a brakeman in a railroad yard, seeks out, with steady appetite for knowledge, the feel of people and things everywhere. And this is a running record of what he learns, sees, hears, very freshly and eagerly written.

It is not a smooth performance by any means, nor can it help suffering from the weaknesses of its essential nature, from the shock of discovery, from youthful disproportion of emphasis or lack of emphasis, from certain gaucheries in the handling of emotion. It is a dilemma, to have so much to say that you cram your characters' mouths with it. We no sooner meet them then they are talking passionately and at length about Aristotle, Czechoslovakia, socialism. He could not help this, and we would not have him wait until everything is solidified prop-

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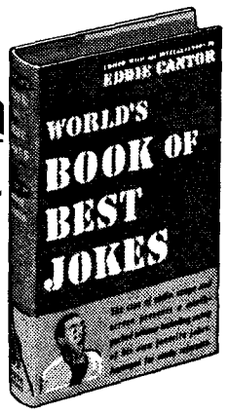

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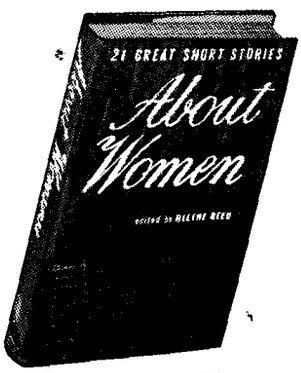

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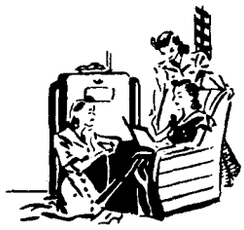

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erly. More treacherous is his fancied sentimentality. He feels like a humanitarian when he broods seriously over an old beaten man who talks bitterly of fatalism; but he dismisses with a superficial and stale line a young whore who appears briefly somewhere along the way. When he regards her, too, as his fellow he will know his own humanity better. There are, too, certain embarrassed moments in the book when Michael comes up against a strong feeling, something like love or pity. Michael is disturbed, Mr. Saxton is disturbed, both sidestep neatly. How about diving in? That is good water.

Yet none of this is serious or even regrettable. Mr. Saxton grows as he writes. You can see it in the development of a character like Ben Baum, who is a little incredible at first, a little too consciously created, yet shapes up as the strongest character in the book. You can see it in the sure development of Michael himself, and in the fine choice of details and characters, the sharp memory of spoken words and mental climates. Mr. Saxton isn't going to like being called promising, yet that's just it, and what is wrong with that? How many writers are writing anything promising these days even in their fifth novels? This is Mr. Saxton's first.

Highbrow Authors in a Triangle

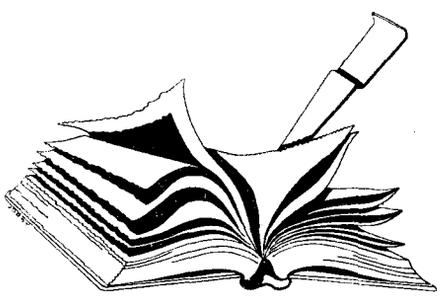
TAKE NOTHING FOR YOUR JOURNEY. By Ann Steward. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 333 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

ANN STEWARD'S second novel is not so much a sequel to her "Let the Earth Speak" as it is an extension—as if one were to explore central Brittany thoroughly one year and northern and southern Brittany a few years later. Although characters and setting are the same, the emphasis is different and each novel is independent of the other. "Take Nothing for Your Journey" (the author's elaborate attempts to clarify the application of this Biblical phrase to her story are futile as far as this reviewer is concerned) is a fresh enough version of the eternal triangle plot, a plot which would have resolved itself easily if the principals involved were not so introspective, literary, and enamored of words. The lovers, both highbrow authors unconverted to Basic English, seem more concerned with nice, though elegant, verbal expression of the complexities and nuances of their passion than with mere vulgar love-making. Their love is not quite platonic, certainly not earthy: they move and talk and have their being in that uncertain limbo where polite debate and burrowing introspection consume all hours. All three are fairly bursting with gentility and broadmindedness: they are determined not under any circumstances to eat their cake and have it too.

To be impatient with such characters is not to be impatient with the novel itself, although one wishes for just a suspicion of satire in their delineation and less impassioned earnestness. In spite of the extravagant literary dialogue the book is well written, if one considers elegance and polish, dignity and intelligence marks of good writing—and many readers do, in preference to the hard-boiled, a-spade-is-a-spade school of fiction. Brent's epileptic fits have a catastrophic grandeur about them; adultery and rape achieve a sort of cosmic significance and relate to the Meaning of Life; Drake's talk about death has a Miltonic specific gravity; the destructive and sluttish poor whites do not tarnish the somewhat manorial splendor of rural life in Kentucky. The novelist creates her own world of bluestocking women and poetic, imaginative men, and they behave credibly in this world. Outside their world we would question their behavior, as we would question that of the characters of Emily Brontë or Robert Nathan. (For instance, the novelist, with close, sensitive European associations, seems practically untouched by the defeat of the Continental democracies in 1940 and the near-defeat of Britain.)

The novel is better written than its predecessor. It is not so poetic and over-elaborate, there are no obvious tricks of style, the imagery and symbolism are less obtrusive. The prose is less mannered, more firm. There is never a hackneyed phrase, or merely a clever phrase, but always sharpness and aptness in observation and wording. The indeterminate ending (a correct and logical ending) points to a further extension of the strange, absorbing saga of the Hayes clan.



The Trio Emerges

TRIUMVIRATE. By Oliver Robinson. Boston: Bruce Humphries, Inc. 1943. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY DAWSON

WITH what seems to be a thorough knowledge of small-town life and with an unsentimental but warm attitude about the problems of youth in its struggle against the codes of the older generation, Mr. Robinson has written a sincere and honest story of a trio of friends, from their first meeting as children through their adolescence and into adulthood.

Phil, Sylvia, and Keith battle the world in their own way, making mistakes and gaining victories, always held together by a loyalty which withstands any interference from outside. Against their friendship are arrayed their various relations and many of the accepted customs of the town of Gouverneur in which they live. The story moves logically to its final stage—there is nothing spectacular in the solution to the triumvirate's most pressing problem, but it is in key with the character of the town and with the personalities of the three young people themselves.

Conscientious and honest as the book is, it has one drawback which unfortunately grows on the reader—it tends to be dull. It is as though these people were all one's neighbors, but not the most interesting of the neighbors. This is, in the main, because the author has made his hero such a very nice young man. From high school pranks to his marriage, Phil does what is right, helps his friends, and seldom, if ever, loses his temper. It's almost as though the author were trying to keep Phil's personal thoughts a secret from the reader. Some of the other people in the book are much more successful. Victoria Tilden, the maiden aunt, is real and understandable, welldrawn and pathetic. Almost all the other characters fail to hold one's interest for very long.

At a guess, it would seem that Mr. Robinson has drawn his novel from a community he knows very well, and, having decided to put his friends into a book, has also decided not to hurt their feelings by being too honest about them. But the town itself is well done and there is much to be admired in the simple, straight-forward handling of the whole theme. When Mr. Robinson decides to be a little less polite and a little less guarded about the emotions of his characters, he will be a fine writer.

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Easy Irony

OUR LADY. By Upton Sinclair. Hollywood: Murray & Gee, Inc. 1943. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THIS quasi-Voltairean piece of anti-clerical imagining is, I fear, rather designed to affront devout Catholics than as an imaginative exercise. Its fable may be briefly put. Mary, or rather Marya, was not, it seems, a virgin mother, but rather the mother of nine children, the eldest of whom was named Jeshu (Jesus). She was never in Egypt, never experienced the Annunciation, and, a pleasant widow of forty, knows nothing about the elaborate Christolatry or Mariolatry of the Catholic Church. By incantation she is brought to a Notre Dame-U.S.C. football game in the Rose Bowl, where, by accident, she is seated next to the only priest who knows Aramaic. She falls into conversation with him; and the startled ecclesiastic, seeing the foundations of his church melting from under him, consults his superiors. It is finally resolved to exorcise the demon who seems to them to possess this simple and sincere woman; and by thus reversing the magic, Marya returns to her own century and her own people.

Part of the interest of the tale is of the imaginary-philosophic-voyage kind of social criticism. The comments of the simple and superstitious Marya upon football games, Catholic faith, loud speakers, electric lights, and other modernities are of the sort that Goldsmith's Chinese traveller made upon the contemporary culture of Goldsmith's time. More pressing, however, is the desire of Mr. Sinclair to expose with easy irony the falsity of trinitarian Christianity and the hollowness of Catholic claims. He has not made the mistake of painting his young priest as ridiculous, but he has tried to make the rite of exorcising demons ridiculous, though, as he solemnly assures us, every bit of the ceremony has been adapted from a Catholic pamphlet, which one can buy for fifteen cents. The title of the work is, of course, a sarcasm. I incline to doubt, however, whether anything richly imaginative is accomplished in this tale.

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—From "Etiquette" (1863), by Lady Gough, distiguished English noblewoman.

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Circling a Continent

RIO GRANDE TO CAPE HORN. By Carleton Beals. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 377 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by C. A. HUTCHINSON

MR. BEALS has been for many years a prolific writer on the Latin-American scene, and indeed, as the publishers inform us, no less a magazine than *Time* has dubbed him "the best-informed living writer on Latin America." His chief claim to fame for many, however, is his outspokenness, and for this he deserves a round of applause from those who believe that only by a realistic approach to the problems of the hemisphere will a firm basis for building inter-American solidarity be achieved.

Although "Rio Grande to Cape Horn" makes the mistake of trying to tell us about all twenty of the Republics of Latin America at one gasp (a device which no doubt appeals more to the publisher than to the author) Mr. Beals stresses from the start that the countries of Latin America are individual entities, differing widely one from another. The implications of this fact for our policy toward them are obvious. As Mr. Beals says "the political and economic problems of each southern nation are so unique . . . that our policies . . . have had to be adapted to each individual case. . . ." If he had said that our policies *ought to* be adapted to each case, he would probably, however, have been nearer to the truth.

After several satisfactory chapters on Mexico, Mr. Beals discusses at length what he calls the "American Mediterranean"—the Caribbean. Tropical islands, even in peaceful areas, such as this, are often anything but paradises for the overcrowded masses living on them, and the author's remarks on Cuba, Haiti, Puerto Rico, and other places where the policies of our Government control the destiny of the people, make enlightening if at times disillusioning reading. He is particularly critical of the United States policy of fostering large plantations of crops such as sugar and now rubber and fibers. This divides up the islands into big estates under absentee American management and promotes reliance on a single crop system, immigration of cheap Negro labor, and other evils harmful to the economy, in his view.

For all his years of experience with things Latin-American, there are times when the reader would be well advised to take Mr. Beals's remarks with a good pinch of salt. His view of the future of the Amazon country, for instance, with its "air-cooled cities" will seem to some altogether too blissful. His own reasons for his optimism are themselves question marks: "the drugs available to medicine *probably* will be multiplied many times by discoveries in the Amazon," he says, and "the rich vegetable life *may yet* provide the world's great source of raw materials for synthetic products, plastics, and textiles." There are times, too, when his good sense seems to desert him, such as, for example, when he remarks: "We, in the Western Hemisphere, cannot hope to match the growing productive capacities of the three hundred and fifty million people controlled by Hitler plus the three hundred and fifty million now controlled by Japan. . . It would mean slavery, exhaustion, ruin to accomplish it." Ours is not a lost cause, however, for he finds comfort in the idea that if we make a "concerted, planned, scientific assault upon the great Amazon basin" all will be well.

Our jorney with Mr. Beals through the remaining countries of Latin America is both interesting and informative. His remarks on Argentina show a commendable sense of the difficulties through which that great country is progressing, even if "making Argentina a partner in our war enterprise" may not seem quite the "brilliant stroke" that he appears to believe.

Carleton Beals

An Iowan in Argentina

LETTERS FROM THE ARGENTINE. By Francis Herron. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 320 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by H. A. CHARLES

FRANCIS HERRON, a young editor from Iowa, approached the people of Argentina as one who genuinely wanted to get to know them, to put himself in their place and see them as they see themselves, to learn their problems, their politics, their thoughts about the United States. In these letters to Mr. Walter S. Rogers, Director of the Institute of Current World Affairs, he describes them quite simply as he saw them. He is not out to paint them black or white, but to understand them.

Unlike most foreign observers, he does not concentrate his attentions on Buenos Aires, for almost all his time was spent in the provinces, in cities such as Mendoza and Cordoba. He stayed in the last named city longer than anywhere else, and his attitude towards it and towards Argentina in general may best be explained, perhaps, in his own words: "Within my limits" he says "I have tried to be as much a Cordobese as possible, to live my daily life with them, and to accept their customs and really to try to do more than conform—for conforming is not done with too much willingness nor with a zestful spirit." His letters are proof, if anyone should want it, that this is the only satisfactory way to understand another people.

Argentina continues in the forefront of news from South America, and frequent mention is made of her "prudent neutrality," her pride, her dislike of the United States, her anger at our restrictions against importing her meat, and such matters. The reader of this book will not only find all these subjects ably discussed, but he will follow the author into probings of why and wherefore — how people in Argentina think, as well as what they think.

Mr. Herron made many friends in Argentina, and he has succeeded in bringing a good deal of the charm of the country to these pages. He has written a book that should be read by everyone interested in Argentina or, indeed, in South America. It is the best recent book on its subject.

The Foreign Policy Association is planning a series of four juvenile books on foreign affairs, the first of which, called "Team Work in the Americas," will be published in October. "Team Work in the Americas" is by Delia Goetz, associate director of the Washington Bureau of the Foreign Policy Association, and is illustrated in color by Aline Appel.

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Mining Town

COPPER CAMP: Stories of the World's Greatest Mining Town, Butte, Montana. Compiled under the Montana Writers' Project, W.P.A. New York: Hastings House. 1943 308 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THIS is not an ordered history of Butte; it is, as stated in the explanatory title, "stories" of Butte. To open "Copper Camp" is, in a way, to open a scrapbook devoted to the subject, Butte. The series of unnumbered articles and sketches that break the pages hold the mirror up to Butte and provide a fascinating run of personages and events.

There is something of chronological order in the foundings of the camp, in the chapters upon the social and labor riots, the rivalrous careers, financial and political, of the copper magnates Marcus Daly, Augustus Heinze, Senator W. A. Clark, and in other recorded features of Butte progress.

The stories for the book were gleaned right and left, above ground and under ground, from the files of daily prints, from neglected veracious documents, from the testimony of men and women who knew things. So the reader of the succession of chronicles learns, in "Copper Camp Cuisine," what specialties denoted the lunch boxes of the various nationalities among the mine workers; in "Kids of Butte," what the boy-life there has been; in "Cabbage and Kings," who have been the celebrities of rank and file, the humans and the animals; in "Girls of the Line," the interior aspects of a typical room of entertainment; in "Men of the Mines," what kind were some of these "Americans from all points of the country, with Finns, Irish, Serbs, Cornish, Swedes, Norwegians, Welsh, Canadians, Scotch, Manxmen, Cleetermores, Italians, Poles, Austrians, and perhaps an old Mexican or Chilean miner"—the objectionable "Bohunks" (Balkan immigrants) being eliminated from the roll.

Here, then, is Butte, place and community, on parade; the Butte of the Amalgamated, the Anaconda, of Daly, Heinze, Clark with their once powerful millions and lavish yellow-backs, of Chicken Flats, Dublin Gulch, Coketown, the Cabbage Patch, of Steamboat Steve the Serb, Calahan the Bum, Fat Jack the cabman, Colonel Buckets the racing man, Shoestring Annie . . .; to quote Berton Braley, from his cub reporter days there: An ugly, raw, hard-fighting, hard-living, hard-drinking town, "but also a gay, careless and tonic town composed of personalities and individuals."

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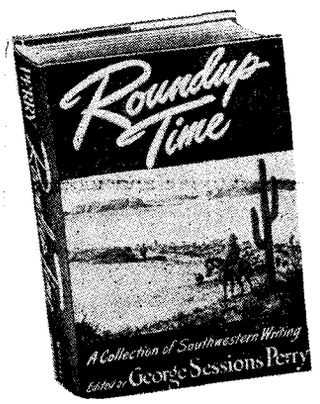

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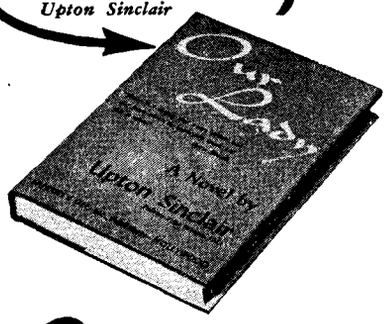
Upton Sinclair



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Late Victorian Landscape with Figures

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS is the end to which we were ordained:
This broad, soft summit is the race's goal,
Where, having climbed so long, we now can sit,
Impeccant parts of a perfected whole.

Porcelain on the terrace chimes discreetly:
The cloying scent of bruised geranium leaves
Thickens the air, while arching footmen featly
Negotiate the balustraded stair.
Below, but far below, upon the river,
The punt holes push and blatant laughter floats,
Vulgar and loud, among the lazy boats:
But here, so far above, its crude insistence
Is mollified by suavely landscaped distance.

The trim, clipped borders by the gravel paths
Suggest no ugly weeds that might intrude,
No jungle weeds of wild and strangling growth;
And very mention of the jungle's rude.
A jungle that of course does not exist
Save in the mind of some daft fabulist.

All ends are known, the destination's sure:
For who can doubt an end when it is reached?
Doffed caps, blacked boots, and primogeniture,
Starched aprons, butteries, and arbors pleached,
Are proper symbols of a world secure.

The city spills its gain upon the soil,
Finding in acred arability
A coronet to grace the brow of toil,
A verdant patent of gentility:
Rich earth drinks up the wealth by trade begotten,
And in a generation trade's forgotten.
Yet still the social fabric shows no tear:
Solid as oak, impalpable as air.

Doffed caps reveal the thatch above the skull,
And so, of course, the thoughts beneath the thatch.
A modest ground-gait guarantees the catch.
Good form decrees one be a trifle dull.

Again the Stygian owl hoots mournfully,
While ivory statues, dropping crystal tears,
Sadden the groves: but now is augury
Lost with the arts of less complacent years.
Why heed the howling dog or walking shade,
Or hunt the secret that the entrails hold,
When human history by men is made,
And man's futurity is self-controlled?
Hazard companions those who move by night,
But not the heirs of universal light.

Unheard of flowers are opening in the dark,
Strange scarlet blooms with fungus at the core,
And stamens dusted heavily with bane.
The gardeners are active in the park:
That willow should be pruned a trifle more:
God will oblige our lilies with his rain.

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Russian Stories

THE NIGHT OF THE SUMMER SOLSTICE. Selected by Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MR. VAN DOREN, whose taste is always sure, states in his preface that he knows nothing about these stories except that they arrived from Russia, translated, and that he is not certain whether they are factual or not. They "immediately absorbed my attention," he adds, "as I hope they will absorb that of other Americans to whom war on the eastern front remains an unimaginable thing, horrible and heroic past their present powers to assess it."

It is difficult to see how anyone could fail to be absorbed by them. They are stories of war, of village people in war, of children in war, of old men and old women and soldiers and young girls. Most of them are short and bone bare of a superfluous detail, but it is remarkable how they manage to give as complete a picture as one can want, how acutely they convey the personalities and the point of the incidents, and how swiftly the total effect in each is achieved. If they are not actual incidents, "they bustle," as Mr. Van Doren remarks, "with detail that I am certain could never have been invented out of nothing." The title story is a magnificent picture of the activities of a mine sweeper the night war with Germany began, of how, after indecision of action arising from the unclear state of affairs, "everything was right again: the enemy is an enemy, and no diplomatic complications, no conventional invisible boundary lines hampered the operations of the minesweeper." That is the resolving moment, for the story, for the reader, and for history.

Not all of these tales have equal value, but all of them have considerable value. "Little One," "Inside the Hut," "Death on a Collective Farm," "The Petrograd Side," "Party Cards," "The Old Water Carrier," to name only a few, belong in any anthology of first-rate short stories, war or no war. For, though the unsympathetic may regard them as morale-builders, the truth is the Russians seem to require less of that kind of stuff than other people at war. These stories say something to the Russians because they interpret the Russians to themselves. Their lesson for us will, one hopes, continue long after the war, for we shall need to remember that the Russians are capable at once of large-scale action and of precise evaluation of individual qualities.

Fall books from Chapel Hill

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By ARTHUR G. POWELL. The rich, salty memoirs of an Atlanta judge who looks back to his boyhood home in the Piney Woods of southwest Georgia. Authentic as peanuts and sugar cane, this book depicts a region and a people—hardshell preachers and circuit-riding lawyers, red-hot sermons and courtroom fights. Keen, witty, and full of horse sense. *November 27.* $3.50

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By HOWARD W. ODUM. "The Negroes had bought all available ice picks, guns, knives, etc., and were armed, waiting for the signal" . . . "Negro soldiers asking white women for dates." This book is concerned with 2,000 such inflammatory rumors, reported as a basis for discussing the peculiar problems of the South and the Negro in relation to the total war. *October 30.* $2.00

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By PAUL GREEN. Informal papers on drama and screen, education, and the American ideals in wartime—a revolt from the sterile and academic, a search for the "living branch so fair and clean." *November 27.* $3.00

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C. S. Lewis's Magnificent Fantasy

OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET. By C. S. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 174 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THAT C. S. Lewis is a master ironist and perhaps the most gifted Christian apologist of recent days is known to all readers of "The Pilgrim's Regress" and "The Screwtape Letters." That he is also a master of fantasy is demonstrated by "Out of the Silent Planet," written before "Screwtape," I believe, but just now published in this country.

Dr. Ransom, famous philologist and Cambridge don, sets out on a solitary walking tour through the English countryside, and arrives on the planet Malacandra, known to us as Mars. He reaches this remarkable destination thanks to the evil offices of an old schoolmate, Devine, and a great physicist, Weston, whom he encounters by chance in a lonely house where they are obviously up to some sort of hanky-panky. Ransom accepts their hospitality in the form of a drink, passes out, recovers sufficiently to overhear a sinister conversation, loses consciousness again, and then comes to in the cabin of a space-ship that is already standing out from Earth some eighty-five thousand miles.

Gradually he learns why he has been abducted. Devine and Weston have been to Malacandra before, and they are under the delusion that they cannot continue their activities there unless they provide a human sacrifice for the planet's ruler. Ransom also learns that Devine's only interest in Malacandra is in its plentiful gold, whereas Weston is dreaming of planetary conquest, of the perpetuation of mankind by successive emigrations from one dying world after another to new spheres of life.

But the vaulting ambition of Weston's plan becomes plain to Ransom only after he has learned much else: after he has fled ignorantly from the *sorns,* been befriended by the *hrossa,* and had some slight acquaintance with the *pfiftriggi;* after he has learned that the first are dispassionate thinkers, the second warm-hearted poets and singers, and the third industrious and cunning makers of things. It becomes plain only after Ransom has proved his philological genius by mastering the Malacandran language; after he has learned much of the planet's topography, its flora and its fauna, along with something of its history; and after he has come to believe in the existence of the *eldila,* even though he cannot see them. Indeed, Weston's plan is not fully revealed until the three men stand, for judgment, in the presence of the invisible and heavenly Oyarsa, who rules Malacandra in the name of its maker, Maleldil.

Man, as is usual in such affairs, comes off badly in comparison with the imagined creatures of Malacandra. This is not only usual, but as it should be, for the human imagination would be a poor thing if it could not imagine a more rational, kindlier, and more generally decent creature than man. Perhaps this very gift of imagination is our noblest faculty. In any case, Weston, standing before Oyarsa, represents the final flowering of a materialistic civilization,—and he is contemptible. Not only in his failure, at first, to realize that he is in the presence of a superior intelligence, but contemptible also in his expression of an irrational human will to survive. He is a walking example of Albert Jay Nock's distinction between the trained man and the educated man. No one could be more highly trained than Weston; but of education, in Mr. Nock's sense of the word —and, one may be sure, in Mr. Lewis's —he possesses not a gleam.

Readers who value Mr. Lewis chiefly for his keenness and subtlety and persuasiveness in the realm of ideas may feel for a time, as I did, that he is wasteful when he spends his energies on elaborate physical descriptions of Malacandra's inhabitants, landscapes, and vegetation. He does this sort of thing well, one reflects, but other writers can do it just as well; while in another field he is nearly peerless. Yet, when it is all summed up, there are ideas enough to nourish the narrative and give it worth. Among other things, you will learn from Oyarsa why Thulcandra, or Earth, is known throughout the heavens as The Silent Planet, and why human beings have been doomed to be what they have been and are. You see, once upon a time, there was war in the heavens, during the Bent Years, when the Bent One—once bright and glorious—challenged Maleldil. And the Bent One was driven out of the heavens and bound forever in the air of his own world, and that world is Thulcandra. But let Oyarsa tell it.

This is not Mr. Lewis's most distinguished book, but it is delightful; and its author, Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen, is, beyond question, a most distinguished writer.

- ***What is the ratio of birth rates to death rates during a war?***
- ***How have family relationships been affected by the war?***
- ***What has the war done to cities and towns?***
- ***How shall we handle our Japanese-Americans?***
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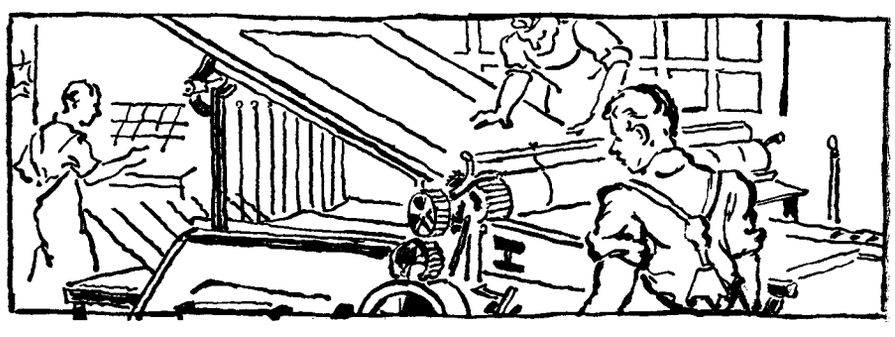

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The Hero Turned Statesman

THE DUKE: A Life of Wellington. By Richard Aldington. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 405 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LOUIS ZARA

THESE days the past not only mirrors—and mocks—the present; it even suggests, from its recorded experiences, the more likely turn of events in the near future. Looking back, we may also understand better the psychology of men who come to rank high in the popular esteem and thus to command great influence. Richard Aldington's admirable biography of Arthur Wellesley, "The Duke," gave me pause for thought in terms of American history, and more than one reader will draw his own parallels — General Andrew Jackson, General Ulysses S. Grant, Admiral George Dewey, General Douglas MacArthur—and wonder with what degree of fidelity the pattern of military hero-turning-statesmen will be repeated tomorrow.

However, these reflections will not occur until the greater half of the biography has been read. For "The Duke" is an engrossing study of the subaltern who became so great a "National Hero" that New Zealand named its capital for him. Arthur Wesley was born of Anglo-Irish parentage, in Dublin, in 1769, the same year that Bonaparte appeared in Corsica. A younger son, Arthur was sent to the Angers military academy in France; before his eighteenth birthday, he was gazetted as ensign in a Highland Regiment.

In his first campaign he served as a lieutenant-colonel, under the Duke of York in the Netherlands. Here he received his baptism of fire, and learned that the fruits of military inefficiency are retreat and disaster. Back home again, he made an effort to immerse himself in politics, but was sent, fortunately, to India, reaching Calcutta in February, 1797. Here the soldier began to breathe. He threw himself into military science; he toiled at it, drilling, equipping, organizing—and fighting Indian rebels, or robbers, as the situation required. He became not merely a victorious commander, but an administrator as well, and by 1802 "Major-General Wellesley." He returned home three years later, in time to witness the funeral procession for another hero, Lord Nelson, who had been killed in the victory of Trafalgar.

After serving as Secretary for Ireland he went off on the Danish campaign, when England beat Napoleon to the draw by seizing the neutral Danish fleet first. His apprenticeship was now ended; henceforth, whether in Portugal, or in Spain, or in Flanders, he was a great soldier. Richard Aldington's chapters on the six-year Peninsular campaigns are easily the most satisfying pages in this distinguished work. With great pains—and excellent prose—Mr. Aldington clarifies the military operations and their political implications. At last, Wellington crossed the Spanish frontier and invaded France; one wing of his army slashed toward Toulouse, the other toward Bordeaux. The Emperor Napoleon abdicated before they could go much farther.

The hero became a diplomat, serving his country as envoy to Madrid and, later, as ambassador to France. But the Emperor escaped and to the Duke was assigned the task of checking the wily foe. So much has been written about the Battle of Waterloo that there would seem to be little to add: Mr. Aldington's contribution is a reëxamination and as clear an exposition of the facts as this reviewer has ever read. Napoleon's staff, having met Wellington in battle before, had greater respect for their opponent than did the Emperor himself. Wellington said solemnly that night: "The hand of God has been over me this day."

We are too far from Waterloo to appreciate what it meant to England. The Duke was the greatest man in the Empire. He returned to politics and never held an active command, though he lived until 1852. He was a gruff conservative, who served wherever he was asked to serve. "I have ate of the king's salt," he said; therefore, "I conceive it to be my duty to serve with unhesitating zeal and cheerfulness, when and wherever the King or his government may think it proper to employ me." Unfortunately, the hero who knew so much about the life and death struggle on the military battlefield knew too little about the life and death struggle for bread on the economic battlefield. Fifteen years after Waterloo the Duke was cordially hated by the common people who had once loved him.

He served his country as commander-in-chief and as prime minister. He served it least well by opposing every reform. But Mr. Aldington's achievement is a full-length portrait of this lonely soldier; no blemish is concealed, no argument in his favor is forgotten. Unlike so many biographers who come to worship their subject, he drew the character in bold, vigorous lines in the early chapters and wasted no space at all on chit-chat. . . . Blessed is the figure which has a fine poet and a sensitive writer with a high regard for truth as its biographer. "The Duke" is a masterly accomplishment.

HIGH in the Andes Mountains rises a river. Thru forests & jungles & rocky gorges it rushes & twists & turns for five hundred miles ... It is a giver of life to the *cholos* who farm its fertile shores, & dare its anger on rafts, but more often than not the yellow torrent brings violent, sudden death. This river, the Marañon, is the hero of a novel. The name of the novel is THE GOLDEN SERPENT ... the story of the people of a valley thru which this river has roared from time's beginning. It was written by CÍRO ALEGRÍA, the young Peruvian whose *Broad & Alien Is the World* won the Latin-American Novel Contest last year. THE GOLDEN SERPENT will be on sale at all bookstores next Monday, $2. Farrar & Rinehart, N.Y.

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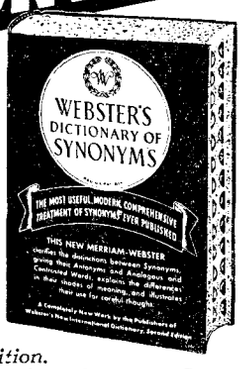

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A Pair of Gloves

Who Wrote This?

CARL CARMER

This is a kind of folk-story. I heard it first from the distinguished portrait photographer, Mina Turner, who heard it from someone who said she was a distant relative of the unfortunate girl who is the main character. Since Miss Turner told it to me I have found several variants. Whatever its origin, it is a folk-tale now, spread by oral telling, an orphan unless someone can find for me a parent.

ELIZABETH was glad that her visit to her dour Scotch relatives was nearly over and that in the morning she would continue her journey to enter a Swiss boarding school. She lay in a big old bed studying "Scottish Chiefs" by the light of a tiny reading lamp clamped to the headboard. She did not know when she first became aware of more light in the room. It seemed to have been there, and very naturally, for some time before she considered its presence.

Near her feet in a circle of radiance lay a pair of gauntlet gloves. She could see the outline of an intricate red design on the wide cuffs. She looked up and saw a tall, dark young man. She did not remember his features later. She only recalled that he was smiling and that none of his dark costume was clearly visible except white lace cuffs that fell over his long slim hands.

Surprised but not at all afraid, Elizabeth turned the button of the electric lamp on her bedside table. The room flooded with light, and the gloves and the young man were gone.

She slept soundly that night and in the morning felt so self-conscious over the episode that she did not mention it to her hosts. She did write her sister about it, though she ridiculed herself for being credulous.

* * *

Elizabeth's memory of her visit in Scotland was very dim seven years later. After her graduation from the Swiss school she had gone back to her home in New York, where she had met and married a charming and reasonably well-to-do Virginian. Unlike most Southerners, her husband claimed few kinfolk. His only close relative, he told her, was an elderly maiden aunt who lived in an old brick house in Dinwiddie County, and was too frail to come north for the ceremony.

For four years the couple lived in a pleasant house on Murray Hill. Then one April afternoon, the young husband came home looking troubled.

"I have just heard that my aunt died and was buried nearly two weeks ago," he said. "There was some trouble in finding our address. We must drive down at once, to sell the house and settle the estate."

Elizabeth loved the dilapidated brick mansion from the moment she saw it. Though it was far from any neighbor and in such condition that she found difficulty in believing it had been recently lived in, it satisfied a longing within her.

"We must keep it," she told her husband delightedly. "Perhaps we can restore only one room at a time, but it will be worth doing."

He agreed but without enthusiasm.

"I'm used to it," he said. "It doesn't mean as much to me as to you."

He went out for a walk in the spring twilight, leaving Elizabeth busy at her rummaging.

When he came back she had prepared a supper from food they had brought with them and had set it on the candle-lit dining room table.

"Darling," she said eagerly as soon as they were seated, "I've had such an exciting time. It reminded me of something I dreamed when I was a schoolgirl visiting relatives abroad. In the attic this afternoon I found an old chest full of laces and dress materials, and at the bottom was this pair of gauntlet gloves with red markings. Do tell me about them."

At sight of the gloves her husband, death-pale, rose from the table and strode to the door. There he turned and spoke.

"So you were the girl in the bed."

Before she understood, he was gone. She searched for him frantically all night, and in the morning she walked and ran four miles to town. When she had told her story to the men who had come back to the house with her, they shook their heads. No old lady nor anyone else had lived here, they said—not in the last hundred years, anyway. They found in the soft ground outside the doorway a man's footsteps that led away from the drive to the center of the open space that had once been the lawn. There they stopped. Ten years have passed and Elizabeth has found no trace of her husband. She still has the gloves.

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American Chetnik

THE SERBS CHOOSE WAR. By Ruth Mitchell. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1943. 265 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

RUTH MITCHELL is the only American woman ever to become a member of the Serbian Chetnik guerrillas. She is General Billy Mitchell's sister. She has spent thirteen months in German prisons and concentration camps and at one time was condemned to death by the Nazis. It seems therefore more than brutal to criticize "The Serbs Choose War" by ordinary standards, for Mrs. Mitchell has undoubtedly tried to do the best that she could with her material. And this material is amazing, grim, tragic, perhaps too amazing.

Ruth Mitchell had been asked to go to Albania to photograph the wedding of its King Zog. She went—and stayed in the Balkans for three and a half years. She fell in love with the Serbian people. She learned to despise the Italians and to hate the Croats who betrayed the Serbs when the Nazis overran the country. She studied the Serbian language and translated Serbian literature. And although a British citizen with an American passport, she was invited to join the Chetniks. She was taught how to use a dagger: "not from above the shoulder, as one would expect but upward under the ribs to reach the heart." She sewed poison in the collar of her coat in the usual position, "where it can be chewed when the hands are bound." Then a line was drawn through her name in the books of the Chetniks — every member of the Chentiks must consider himself as good as dead.

But Ruth Mitchell had no occasion to fight. She was many times arrested and after the German invasion she escaped from burning Belgrade on a troop train. Her description of the screaming Stukas, the falling bombs, the cordite fumes, the crying women and children, and the terrible destruction of Serbia's capital cannot easily be forgotten. Yugoslavia could have fought on, Mrs. Mitchell says, but every Serbian officer had to expect to be shot in the back by his Croat soldiers and hundreds were so shot. "A total of 1,679 officers representing ninety-five per cent of the Croat officers in the Yugoslav army proved traitors to their oath and went over to the enemy. Of the 224,000 Yugoslav prisoners of war taken into Germany, less than two per cent were Croats." When the Croats came into power, Mrs. Mitchell writes, the Serbs were massacred. "Even the German massacres of the Jews, incredible as this sounds, pale by comparison. More than 600,000 defenseless Serbs died."

Miss Mitchell lived between enemy lines. She escaped to Dalmatia and was arrested by the Gestapo while preparing to join General Mihailovich. The Nazis who questioned her and sentenced her to death and were her guardians get their full share of hateful description too. "Sadist of the worst description—pervert of the kind so common among the Germans that one almost expects a creature who traded on his position to wreak every sort of mean cruelty—for four days (Hahn) drank steadily and could not eat, etc." Ruth Mitchell concludes: "Every German in Germany is guilty of every atrocity."

Ruth Mitchell in Chetnik dress.

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A Yank in Australia

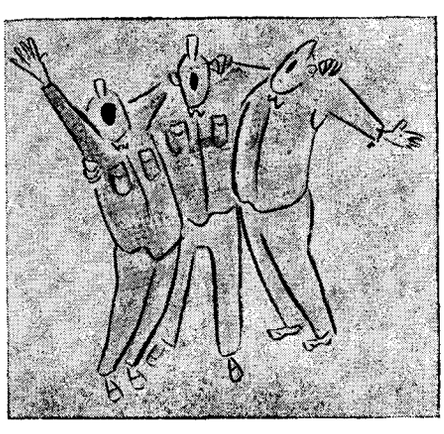
c/o POSTMASTER. By Thomas R. St. George. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1943. 194 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

HERE is life in Australia through a Yankee soldier's eyes. Corporal Thomas R. St. George has written himself a delightful and very worthwhile little book that not only shows civilian stay-at-homes how the boys are living in the land "down under," but provides a good deal of quiet and sometimes noisy amusement in the showing.

This is not a book of combat, though its ending implies that combat for the men of St. George's unit was not far off. It is a diary, without dates, of what a bunch of U. S. soldiers felt and saw on board the ship that took them to Australia and in their period of training there. That may not sound like much of a story—but it is, as St. George tells it. His is a new and refreshing kind of humor, and a new and very up-to-date kind of travel book. Many thousands of Yanks have traveled over this same road, and we are likely to hear stories about their experiences for years to come. But I doubt if many of them will be better than this one.

Corporal St. George, his Top Kick tells us, was a student at the University of Minnesota School of Journalism and a writer and cartoonist for *The Minneapolis Star-Journal.* His book began as an irregular series of articles written with the fond hope that *The San Francisco Chronicle* would see fit to publish them. The first one to come in to *The Chronicle's* office was Number 14 of the series. The mails took care of the rest, by fits and starts. Number 1 piece never did show up, but *The Chronicle* did see fit to publish the rest of them. They were, says the editor in his foreword, written with "a kind of cockeyed seriousness," which is as good a way of any as describing them, and *The Chronicle's* readers "loved them." So, I believe, will all those who read this book.



—*From the book*

For Corporal St. George has achieved a kind of compromise between plain funniness and being serious which has resulted in a definitely compelling style of writing. He does it sometimes by understatement, sometimes by exaggeration, sometimes by just being funny in one place and serious in another. A good example is his description of his last moments in America.

During the voyage, St. George and five others played 981 hands of hearts for drinks; another group nearly 500 rubbers of bridge, any number of others any number of crap games. Sergeant Rubitkish, sleeping in the bunk below St. George, had a moment of excitement when the International Date Line was crossed: "Look," he said, "they're paying us for thirty-one days this month, ain't they? But we're only putting in time for THIRTY!" Nobody else got excited; nobody got excited at all, in fact, until they saw land.

Australia was a nation of many surprises. Everything was different, even the language. The weather, it seems, was terrible; particularly depressing to the troops was the fact that, having just about finished with winter at home, they were just beginning it again in Australia. And comforts? America had spoiled them. Their first beds were burlap bags filled with straw. The latrine was "the bloody lavatory . . . She's a little 'ut, wit pipes on. An' 'ere, Mite . . . you better tike me newspaper. . . ."

But Australia made these men soldiers. It made them realize what a war was. It accustomed them gradually, almost unawarely, to the fact that war was far more than the routine of the training camps they had known back home, far more than their individual lives.

There is no kidding in words like these. War is and remains a grim business, as every soldier who comes into intimate contact with it sooner or later finds out. But it has its lighter sides, too, as American soldiers seem peculiarly able to find out, even in its most difficult moments. American soldiers have a philosophy which no other troops seem to have—barring, perhaps, the Australians, men of a nation which grew up like ours. That philosophy, compounded of seriousness and humor but always with a wisecrack at hand, is expressed in this book better than in any comparable volume I know.

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Two Means to the Same End

OUT OUR WAY. By J. R. Williams. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1943. $1.25.

THEY'RE ALL YOURS, UNCLE SAM! By Max Barsis. New York: Stephen Daye Inc. 1943. *Cartoons.* $2.

Reviewed by S. J. WOOLF

PERHAPS the present large crop of collections of comic drawings and cartoons is a form of escapism. Were it not for the war it is possible that fewer publishers would be gathering in book form the humorous effusions which embellish the pages of our magazines and newspapers. At all events anything that will take our minds off the serious side of life, if even for a few minutes, is to be welcomed.

There are two ways that comic drawings can do this. The subjects may be so diverting as to make us forget the tragedy which envelops the world. Or the lighter side of war—for even war has a lighter side—may be a source from which to draw a smile or a laugh.

"Out Our Way," a collection of newspaper drawings by J. R. Williams, and "They're All Yours, Uncle Sam!," a series of sketches of women in war by Max Barsis, are typical of these two ways of accomplishing the same end. One is a simple, almost naive, yet whimsical portrayal "of the silent vanished days" of the wild and woolly West. The other is a series of snappy sketches of the adventures of the Wacs and the Waves.

J. R. Williams's art is old-fashioned, if any art can be called old-fashioned. His technique is reminiscent of that of Opper, Zim, and the other comic draftsmen whose drawings filled the pages of *Puck* and *Judge* when those periodicals were as much a part of the pre-Gillette barbershops as shaving mugs adorned with their owners' names. His life is simple and open nor does he scorn to use "cross-hatching" to secure his effects. Were Mr. Williams to attempt to depict present-day city life with his Mauve Decade methods he would fail. Instead he finds his subjects on the plains and prairies, where the shadow of Buffalo Bill still rides, where steers are lassooed and tenderfoots are comic figures. The horses which run through his pages are nags which would shy at automobiles, and when he brings himself to draw a gasoline buggy it resembles the stage coach.

I ALLOWED YEW BOYS UD COME IN NIGHT FROZE, SO I KEP TH POT HOT.
OH-I COULD KISS YOU— I YI-I THINK I COULD.
EF YUH HAPPEN T GIT INTO HEAVEN, WILL YUH DO ME A FAVOR, PARDS? FIND TH' GUY WHO DISCOVERED COFFEE AN' GIVE 'IM MY BEST REGARDS.
J.R.WILLIAMS

—From "Out Our Way."

His technique and his subjects are in perfect harmony. His "phantom pictures of the prairie and the things that useter be," as Ulmer S. Bird, who has written a rhymed foreword, calls his drawings, have a nostalgic charm. In addition his characters are real and there is comedy in the words that issue from their mouths.

In startling contrast with "the dying hoofbeats of a day that could not last" is the pitter patter of the marching feet of the Waves and Wacs. Barsis has drawn those feet and they are small and cute. So too are their owners as he portrays them. Being a man he looks at them as John Ward Bayly points out in a short introduction through hose-colored glasses.

The result is a bookful of the adventures of Maribelle and Claribelle, "two babes in arms who became women at arms." Yet as one turns the pages of the volume questions arise. Are arms something to rest in or weapons of war? Is power a concoction for the face or for shells? Which is more important, a billet or a billet doux?

The drawings are as light and frothy as the young women they depict. Although war is a serious business there is still time to pin Clark Gable's portrait on a tent flap and to indulge in calisthenics in scanties. And even if none of the fair fighters girds on her father's sword, she is careful not to forget her girdle.

All in all "They're All Yours, Uncle Sam!" is a witty harum-scarum collection of drawings and the title makes one a little envious of his Uncle Sam.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

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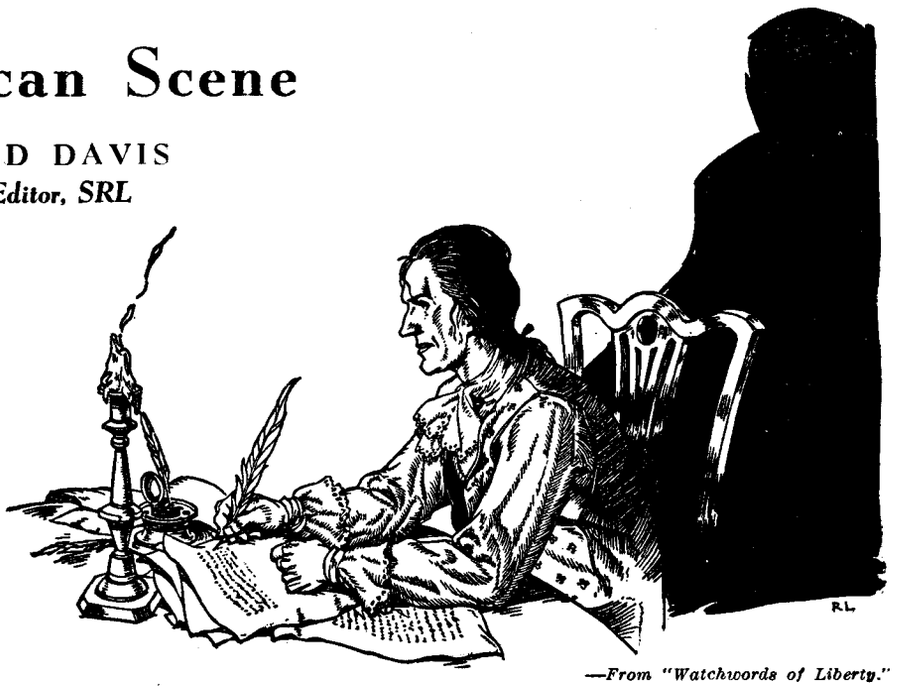
The American Scene

MARY GOULD DAVIS
Juvenile Book Editor, SRL

IN these golden autumn days when the Hallowe'en pumpkins are ripening in the fields and the smoke from burning leaves rises blue in the still air, the libraries and the bookstores which serve the children are looking over and evaluating the year's harvest in books. It is a rich and varied harvest, although it shows in various ways the restrictions of a wartime economy. This number of *The Saturday Review* will consider only a few of the books of 1943 that have their background in America.

There has never been a time in our history when it was more necessary to bring to young Americans their inheritance in literature and the arts. Because they will be the ones to define America's place in the world that will follow the war, we must help them now to see as clearly as possible the forces that make our country what it is. Anyone who has watched boys and girls select their books, freely and with a wide choice, knows the qualities that they bring to their reading; curiosity, love of adventure, love of humor—real humor, a feeling for beauty in words, a desire for information, for objective knowledge. These qualities are evident only when the children have *freedom of choice.* Their response cannot be measured by what they *say.* But any children's librarian worth her salt knows the signs of approval—or of indifference. In a family, the book that a child really approves is handed down from the oldest to the youngest member. The book that has outward attraction and no inward value lies neglected on a shelf until someone "gives it away to the poor." In this particular period of history, behind the intrinsic value of a book lies the compelling need to give the children breadth of view, appreciation, judgment, understanding. Let us not make their reading solemn. Understanding can be quickened by beauty and laughter. A very wise American once said:

"If at just the right moment we present to the child just the right food for his curiosity and eagerness —folklore, fairy-tale, fable, song, science, adventure, handicraft and games, each when the appropriate faculty is unfolding—then we can keep him curious and eager all through his childhood. Nothing better can happen to a child."



—*From "Watchwords of Liberty."*

Quotations from Democracy's Arsenal

WATCHWORDS OF LIBERTY; A PAGEANT OF AMERICAN QUOTATIONS. With Text and Illustrations by Robert Lawson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1943. 115 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JACQUELINE OVERTON

GREAT words have come down to us out of our country's growing; words that have become so familiar that we sometimes forget who first said them. Forget, too, if we ever really knew the story lying behind them. Out of what stress and strain, high courage or heat of passion were they born, to go ringing down the years carrying inspiration, strength, and comfort; becoming part of our national heritage?

Robert Lawson's "Watchwords of Liberty" is a book about such words; a pageant of American quotations, he calls it. What would I have given to have had such a book during the early years in school when Friday afternoons were to be dreaded because then we stood up before the class to "recite quotations." Our panic to be finished without forgetting generally made us oblivious to the beauty or meaning of what we repeated. Quotations were simply "quotations" and not living, breathing words with a personality behind them.

Mr. Lawson begins with the voyage of the *Mayflower* and William Bradford's words; "So they committed themselves to the will of God and resolved to proceed."

From there his pageant moves down through the years; words that are as true and fitting for our times as in the day they were first spoken. Thomas Jefferson "writing furiously through the hot Philadelphia night; 'We hold these truths to be self evident that all men are created equal. . . . !'" The rallying cry of John Paul Jones 'I have not yet begun to fight.' Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech and Second Inaugural Address . . . 'with malice toward none.'"

The last watchwords are out of our own day, great words not yet in history books. The radio message sent to base by Donald Francis Mason. January 8, 1942—"Sighted sub—sank same," and the last watchword taken from President Roosevelt's message to Congress January 7, 1943; "The heart of this Nation is sound, the spirit of this Nation is strong, the faith of this Nation is eternal."

Briefly, vividly, and sincerely Robert Lawson has told the story that lies behind each quotation. His words, to our mind, illustrate more truly than his pictures, which are somewhat disappointing. His famous people are often stiff and lifeless. It is in the small sketches throughout the text we find his usual fine drawing and charm of style.

This is a book for any age that likes to remember, and perhaps may want to add favorite quotations of their own choosing.

WAR BONDS
Not a Gift, But Thrift

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American Tales

THE JACK TALES; FOLKTALES FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS. Collected and Retold by Richard Chase. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 201 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE should be a special celebration to welcome this book. In a time when laughter is greatly needed, it will bring laughter wherever it goes. Little children will chuckle when it is read aloud to them. Soldiers in a training camp would love the tales if they could be told by someone who knew how. It is an important book. First, because it is filled from cover to cover with good, rousing, exciting stories. Second, because it is an authentic record of our own American folklore. It is effectively illustrated by Berkeley Williams, Jr. And, if you are interested, there are scholarly and informing notes by Herbert Halpert. Mr. Chase heard these tales told by the descendants of Council Harmon, who was for many years a famous "teller of tales" in the mountains of North Carolina. Anyone who has heard the Southern Mountains speech retains a clear impression of its cadence, its expressiveness. Richard Chase has reproduced it on the printed page with an admirable rightness. Here are the voices of these people. And yet the printed page is not difficult to read.

In plot and often in the "over the border" character these stories can be traced either to a European country or to the British Isles. But the hero, Jack, is deeply American. Like Boots in the Norse tales he is the youngest of three brothers. But Will and Tom hardly count. The tales are mostly about Jack. What adventures

—Illustration by Berkeley Williams, Jr., from "The Jack Tales."

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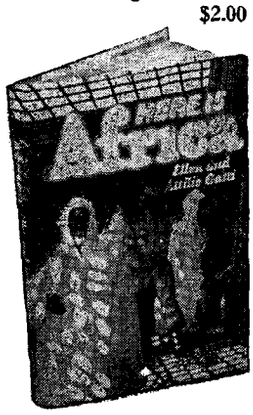

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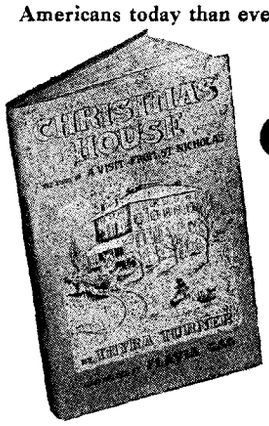

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Donald McKay

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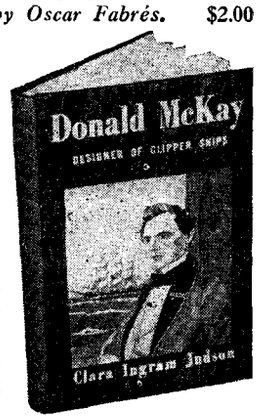

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he has! He outwits and conquers giants with one, two, three, and four heads. He meets and proves himself the equal of witches who turn into black cats, kings, magic bulls, and beautiful and mysterious maidens. And as we go about with him as he does these extraordinary things, we are in the Southern Mountains of America and Jack is just any American mountaineer boy. In the European variants of these stories there is often fear, a touch of horror which is probably based upon superstition. In "The Jack Tales" there is no fear in its real sense, no horror at all. Jack meets the over-the-border people with an alert intelligence that is quite unclouded by fear. We can almost see his eyes twinkle when he "talks back" to them. Although there is more than one trace of the ancient hero stories here, Jack is never the conventional "hero." He is not Siegfried nor Beowulf. He is not even Jack the Giant-killer. He is just himself—casual, humorous, resourceful. We know him, we like him immensely, we thrill with pride in him. At the Hallowe'en Story Hours here in New York, when the fire is burning low and the Jack o' lanterns wink from the bookshelves, boys and girls will listen, fascinated, to the story of *Sop Doll*. Storytellers all over the country have reason to be grateful to Richard Chase and his publishers for this invaluable book.

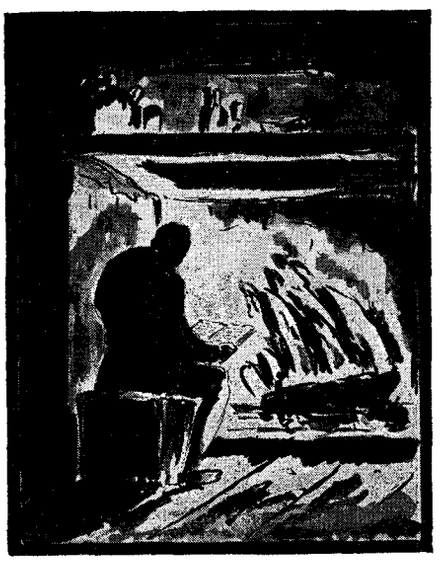
M. G. D.

Six Stories about Homer

HOMER PRICE. By Robert McCloskey. New York: The Viking press. 1943. 149 *pp.* $2.

HOMER PRICE steps into the American scene! This reviewer was obliged to read an advance copy of his book somewhat hastily; but she laid it down with a sigh of pure pleasure. There are six stories about Homer—six characteristic adventures—and a deeply satisfying number of full-page drawings. Most people will think of this as a book for older children than those who liked "Lentil." This is not a good guess, as those of us who watched Lentil make his way with the New York boys and girls know. The mere fact that Lentil was in picture book *form* prejudiced some children. If one of them lingered over "Lentil" at all he stayed with him to the very end. We well remember one group of teen-age boys who carefully inventoried every article in the hardware shop where Lentil bought his harmonica. It took them all of half an hour—and they loved it! They will do the same with Homer's radio set in the picture where he sits, tinkering with it, while his pet skunk sleeps in an old suitcase at his feet. Homer lives in a small American town as Lentil did. Not necessarily a mid-Western town—any town at all as long as it is in America. No country on earth but the United States could have produced Homer Price and his fellow citizens. Homer is a lively, likable boy who is filled with an intense desire to know how everything works. Naturally, he has adventures. There is the strange, ragged old man with the musical mouse-trap. They call him Rip van Winkle at first, but he turns out to be the Pied Piper of Hamlin. There is the adventure with the automatic doughnut machine. There is the excitement about the "jerry-built" houses on the old Enders estate. If we feel like it, we might read into this last a shrewd comment on modern living. But the humor that lies behind every picture that Robert McCloskey draws and every word that he writes is never satirical. He never allows his people, or his animals, to become grotesque. He draws things as he sees them—albeit with a twinkle in his eye. His mastery of his medium brings everything, from a screw driver to a skyline, into perfect harmony. What a welcome Homer Price will get from the boys and girls of America. Perhaps someday he will voyage across the Atlantic. We can think of no better ambassador of good will.

In type and format, in beauty and consistency of design, Homer's book bears no trace of war economy. It is a joy to the eye.



—*From "Thomas Jefferson," by Henrik Willem Van Loon.*

"The best university in the world—a boy lost in an interesting book in front of an open fire."

Maker of Freedom

THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 106 *pp.* $2.50.

THERE is a quality in this biography that will challenge the imagination and the intelligence of boys and girls. It does not "follow the beaten track"—background, infancy, childhood, boyhood, and maturity. It takes us back and forth in time and space, building up as it goes the people and the events that made Jefferson the man to help conceive and to word a charter of freedom. Young people today are a bit suspicious of the old, conventional approach to history. They are conscious that the world is changing, that the impact of a global war has created a need for readjustment. Our own history as it has been taught has not prepared them for these adjustments. The fact that they are thinking of these things makes this life of Thomas Jefferson especially important. Dr. Van Loon's handling of *time* is important, because it makes you see what is happening on this globe in the span of one man's life, and how these happenings are tied to other happenings a thousand years before. It makes you see why the forces that make for freedom of the individual were crystalized in Jefferson, how they almost forced him to become a leader in the evolution of a democracy. We see him, too, as a gracious host at Monticello. We feel the charm of his personality. The sketches in black and white and in color add, as Hendrik Van Loon's pictures always do, to the vitality of the text.

Hendrik Van Loon once wrote a series of radio scripts that dramatized the events in history that have brought freedom to a group or to a country. As far as this reviewer knows they were never broadcast. We well remember hearing, though, the one on the Declaration of Independence. It was a stirring thing to listen to. Like this biography it built up Jefferson as the product of his inheritance and of his age, the focal point of a thousand events and influences. Only the "build-up" was through music and dialogue, not through the artist's brush and the printed page. We wish that some far-sighted sponsor would rescue these scripts from oblivion, would broadcast them far and wide to the young Americans who have read or are reading this book. M. G. D.

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Clay Biography

HENRY CLAY. By Barbara Mayo. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 280 *pp.* $2.

THERE are a zest and freshness in the writing of this biography that make it good reading. What might be the dry facts of history become dramatic situations, dominated always by the personality of a great American. Particularly vivid is the word picture of the city of Washington when Thomas Jefferson was President; the Capitol and the White House, Pennsylvania Avenue lined with the young poplar trees that Jefferson had ordered planted, the thinly scattered houses "sprawling for miles along the Potomac." The scenes in the House and Senate before the War of 1812 and during the debate on the Missouri Compromise are as exciting as scenes in a well-constructed play. It is a curiously timely biography. It shows how history repeats itself. We feel it in Clay's conviction that America must fight for her honor and for the freedom of the seas, in his interest in the South American countries. If he had had his way a Pan-American union would have been a reality more than one hundred years before it actually was. All through the book there is a sense of action, of opposing forces, of courage and vision and determination. The book will be published on October 21. This reviewer begged for an advance copy so that it could be included in the American Scene.

M. G. D.

Dates by Picture

PEGS OF HISTORY. A PICTURE BOOK OF WORLD DATES. Text by Helen Dean Fish. Drawings by Rafaello Busoni. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1943. 47 *pp.* $2.

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"Pegs of History" could prove a real boon to many children and young people who are reading history. It may serve as a refresher to older heads as well.

JACQUELINE OVERTON.

Double-Play Team

KEYSTONE KIDS. By John R. Tunis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 209 pp. $2.

JOHN TUNIS has firmly entrenched himself with boys and girls as a first-class sports writer. They will not be disappointed with the latest story about two brothers from Nashville who played the keystone combination —second base and short stop—so well that Chapter Two finds them headed North to join the Dodgers.

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MABEL WILLIAMS.

Caroline Thatcher

JONATHAN'S DOORSTEP. By Helen Clark Fernald. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1943. 280 pp. $2.25.

AGAINST the background of a New England house that was built by the first Jonathan Thatcher in 1691 develops the story of Caroline Cornelia Thatcher of today. It is a story of strange, new forces, new currents that pull and tug at the sheltered conventional life of a well-born and well-bred American girl.

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The Phoenix Nest

YOU may have seen a poem by Noel Coward, "Lines to an American Officer," in your newspapers on Sunday; it was carried on the wires of the United Press. Just in case you haven't, however, I am reproducing it here. Coward wrote the poem because he was concerned about a remark by a young American Army officer in Glasgow. The poem was written originally for the British edition of *Stars and Stripes*, the United States Army newspaper.

LINES TO AN AMERICAN OFFICER

By Noel Coward

These lines are dedicated to a man
I met in Glasgow, an American.
He was an Army officer, not old,
In the late twenties. If the truth were told
A great deal younger than he thought he was.
I mention this ironically because
After we'd had a drink or two he said
Something so naive, so foolish, that I fled.
This was December, nineteen forty-two.
He said: "We're here to win the war for you!"

Now listen—I'm a Britisher.
I love America and know it well.
I know its fine tradition, much of its land
From California to Maine. I know the grand sweep of the Colorado
Mountains, the sweet smell of lilac in Connecticut; I close my eyes
And see the glittering pageant of New York blazing against the evening sky; I walk
In memory, along Park Avenue, over the rise
Before Grand Central Station; then Broadway
Seared by the hard, uncompromising glare
Of noon, the crowded sidewalks of Times Square
So disenchanted by the light of day
With all the sky-signs dark, before the night
Brings back the magic. Or I can wait
High on a hill above the Golden Gate
To see a ship pass through. I could recite
All the States of the Union, or at least
I think I could. I've seen the autumn flame
Along the upper Hudson I could reclaim
So many memories. I know the East,
The West, the Middle West, the North, the wide,
Flat plains of Iowa; the South in spring,
The painted streets of Charleston echoing
Past elegance. I know with pride
The friendship of Americans, that clear, kind,
Motiveless hospitality; the warm,
Always surprising, always beguiling charm
Of being made to feel at home. I find,
And have found, all the times that I've returned,
This heartening friendliness. Now comes the war.
Not such a simple issue as before.
More than our patriotism is concerned
In this grim chaos. Everything we believe,
Everything we inherit, all our past
Yesterdays, todays, tomorrows, cast
Into the holocaust. Do not deceive
Yourself. This is no opportunity
For showing off; no moment to behave
Arrogantly. Remember, all are brave
Who fight for truth. Our hope is unity.
Do not destroy this hope with shallow words.
The future of the world is in our hands
If we remain together. All the lands
That long for freedom; all the starving herds
Of tortured Europe look to us to raise
Them from their slavery. Don't undermine
The values of our conflict with a line,
An irritating, silly, boastful phrase!

Remember—I'm a Britisher.
I know my country's faults. Its rather slow
Superior assumptions; its aloof
Convictions of its destiny. The proof
Of its true quality also I know,
This lies much deeper. When we stood alone,
Besieged for one long, agonizing year,
The only bulwark in our hemisphere
Defying tyranny. In this was shown
The temper of our people. Don't forget
That lonely year. It isn't lease or lend,
Or armaments, or speeches that defend
The principles of living. There's no debt
Between your land and mine except that year.
All our past errors, all our omissive sins
Must be wiped out. This war no nation wins.
Remember that when you are over here.
Also remember that the future peace
For which we're fighting cannot be maintained
By wasting time contesting who has gained
Which victory. When all the battles cease
Then, if we've learned by mutual endurance,
By dangers shared, by fighting side by side,
To understand each other, then we'll forge a pride,
Not in ourselves, but in our joint assurance
To the whole world, when all the carnage ends,
That men can still be free and still be friends.

Herewith my own reply:

LINES TO A BRITISH PLAYWRIGHT

Some brash young Army officer of ours
In his cups averred, "*We'll win this War for you!*"
But even his brassiness cannot undo
The bonds that bind us, the peculiar powers
Our countries both evoke when rough sea-weather
Whitens the deep, and dire storm signals fly,
And there's an evil light that fills the sky
Against which now our nations surge together.

The fool speaks with his tongue, a crackling sound
Like thorns beneath a pot. . . . "The fool hath said. . . ."
Silently we salute your honored dead.
Deeply we know how you held English ground
With such great heart as no man can disown
For one long year, back to the wall, alone.

Back to the wall, with Evil stark awake
Against the world—while here the politicians,
And the hysterics, and the mock physicians
Of the Time's ills, made all the hustings shake,
Hoping—as once a statesman did of yours—
By argumentation to fend off the Brute;
Ordering back the Sea, like King Canute;
Babbling of isolation, and other cures;

But as that miracle fleet to Dunkirk beach—
Yachts, trawlers, drifters, motor-boats and hoys,
Manned by old men and city men and boys—
Swarmed on the Channel from the furthest reach
Of Thames—with that same valor there arose
Your planes, against the armada of your foes!

And as upon the Invincible of Spain
Howard and Hawkins, Drake and Frobisher,
With small swift ships and many a mariner
From Grenville's Bideford, prevailed amain,
So your young squadron leaders and fighting men
Of the new element rose to defend or die,
One against fifty, repulsing from the sky
The doom of dark invasion come again.

High in the storm and sun and windy blue,
Back by the flares, through darkness thundering sound;
Hangars like cliffs; small men on a great ground;
Roar of propellers; gunner and pilot too
Mere boys, laconic, ironic, but imbued
With your strange age-old English fortitude.

These things we know. And I myself have seen
(Remembered with new pain of an old joy)
The glory of England that nothing can destroy:
The Thames at Marlow in its summer green,
Oaks of the deep New Forest, where there range
Ponies and foxes, squirrels and butterflies;
Where the thick velvet night is full of eyes,
And all the ancientry of England strange;

And I have seen Old Sarum on the Plain,
And the cathedral in its grassy close;
Have walked the hurrying Strand; and am of those
To whom the poets of your land remain
Lords of rich beauty, wardens of Man's trust
That his long pilgrimage shall not end in dust.

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A new world waits us—one that we
can make
Together, wherein we gather great
allies.
A ruined Europe waits, from which
the cries
Of savage suffering pierce our nights
awake.
Our hand is held to yours, and here
we take
Surety and earnest, by fire-filled seas
and skies,
That justice for all Mankind's our
enterprise
And victory for a better future's sake.

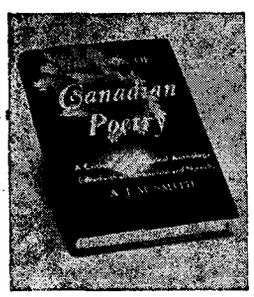
O then, forget the boast, the tongue
too free!
Not our commanders, in their grim
exile,
To those of the desert, in the trident
isle,
Battling together up through Italy—
Not thus they speak, but gladly praise
again
Your great Eighth Army's leader, and
his men.

Yes—"men can still be free and still
be friends."
In freedom's air alone we draw full
breath
Who stumble on our path from birth
to death
For many human sins to make amends.
The wisest of us perceive the same
great ends
To prayers that ages long have stormed
the skies.

Those of us well-intentioned, though
less wise,
Reject what either presumes or con-
descends—

Feel only, a lift of spirit, a surge of
will,
A joy at heart, that our great land
and yours
Share the one high ideal that endures,
The steel of spirit that drives beyond
the kill
For a new world, where envy, greed,
and war
At last be outcast from this beleag-
uered star!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



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THE SEASON'S POETRY

(*Continued from page 24*)

realism, progression by associated images instead of logic, is probably the turning point which divides modern poetry from the academic tradition." That is probably all correct, and I shall leave it at that. "The Virginia Poems" of Rosenberger are easier for me to understand. Also this little book has real distinction.

At this point I introduce two Kenneths. The first, Kenneth Fearing, needs no bushwa. His "Afternoon of a Pawnbroker and Other Poems" is composed of verses that mostly appeared in *The New Yorker*. He has already done several books that have won him a place. The present one I find extremely entertaining—though it is by no means *all* entertaining, for Fearing is "the smiler with the knife." He is also a deft and original workman, and makes use of everything about him in New York, from a shooting gallery to a juke box. Kenneth Patchen is much more pretentious, with "Cloth of the Tempest," and much less good. The drawings with which he illustrates his poems are surrealist. So are his poems. I like the drawings better. They are nothing if not original. Comes a peculiar fellow named Weldon Kees, from the Colt Press, San Francisco. In a medium-sized poem called "A Cornucopia for Daily Use" he introduces a character called "*Mumford (a dwarf)*." This broke me all up for a while! But then he wrote a poem based on a quotation from "The Meaning of Meaning," all about what may have really happened to the most celebrated of all caterpillars and Professor Lloyd Morgan's chicken *Strewth!* It's a good poem. So is the one about his Aunt Elizabeth. And I like his title, "Scream as You Leave." Without doubt there is something to Weldon Kees! George Smedley Smith is a better poet but his "Lines for the Canonization of Pedro Domecq and Other Poems" kept reminding me of Wallace Stevens. Though he does the Stevensonian quite well. Charles Edward Eaton, of "The Bright Plain," is a good poet, who has made a number of magazines. Thomas Caldecot Chubb is a Southern poet of reputation both in verse and prose. A very good poem in his new book is "Once, Once in April." He is quite in the tradition. James Hearst is a good nature poet. He rhymes "squirrel" with "whirl"! I have always hated farming, so that I have never been able to be quite fair to the bucolic masters. Alan Swallow is modest in only presenting "XI Poems." He has a nice touch. Ann Batchelder's "East of Bridgewater" is pleasant magazine verse. I hope the "Fighting French Ballads" of Susan Nichols Pulsifer may be widely distributed as propaganda. Hargis Westerfield has two little books, both of which will slip into the pocket and the second of which, "For Crossing Wide Waters," would be a very good one to distribute among those in the armed forces who like verse. They are better soldier poems than most. Again, in the end, Canada scores through a narrative poem by Lieutenant-Commander Watt, R.C.N.V.R., which poem grew for two years, by being scrawled on the backs of envelopes and signal pads, while the author followed the fortunes of hundreds of merchant vessels. This work is for the ordinary man, afloat or ashore, and a tribute to the Merchant Fleet—none having a higher rating in this war than the merchant seamen!

An annotated list of the books mentioned in this article may be obtained on request from The Saturday Review.

PERSONALS

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

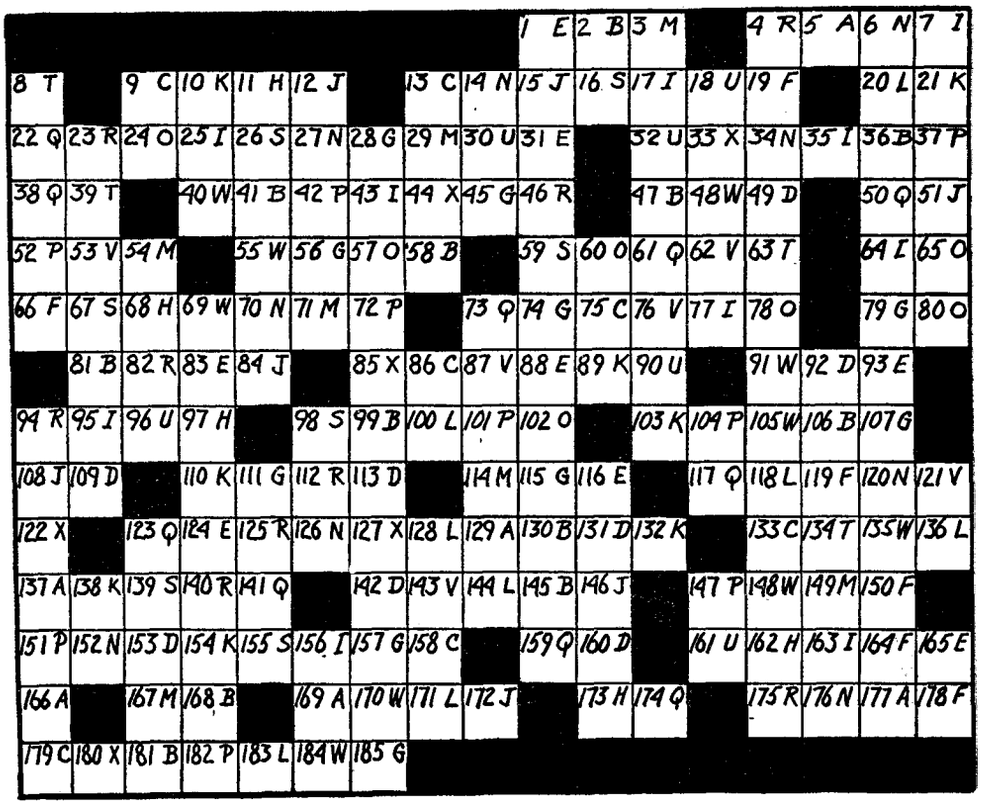
A KINDLY rebuke like this from Fred H. Cheeswright, Port Washington, L. I., puts one in good humor for the day:

> In constructing your famous DCs
> You have use for a number of "e's";
> If you need one "e" more
> You may take it from me, for
> The first half of my name is not "cheese"

Mrs. G. Herbert Taylor, Maplewood, N. J., referring to Series 5 and 6, which were devoted to extracts from letters by famous people, asks if I can't include an occasional letter in our *SRL* puzzles. Indeed, I'd love to if they meet with general approval. Those letters were a joy to find, in fact, too alluring, as I was often intrigued into perusing a whole volume to select one letter. In Series 16, which I am building about biographical material, not necessarily biographies, I have included a number of letters. How intimately revealing and priceless, for instance, is this from Mary Lamb to a friend: "Charles has begun . . . 'Hamlet' You would like to see us, as we often sit, writing at one table . . . like an old literary Darby and Joan; I taking snuff and he groaning . . . and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished and then he finds out he has made something of it." Or this from Ruskin to Kate Greenaway, whose talent he helped to develop in just such letters: "The little hippopotamus with the curly tail is lovely, and the explosive sun promises a lovely day, and it is so very joyful news to me that you like doing trees and see them all leaves and are going to do feet and ankles and be so good."

Some puzzler, I can't think who at this moment, wonders why I leave out passages in my selections. In the Lamb one cited above Mary tells of the plays Charles has already completed. The inclusion of them would make the selection too lengthy for the space alloted me. Yet without those plays the part given is quite coherent and makes sense. Occasionally I am obliged to omit one part to include another that has the letters I need for the Acrostic.

No doubt many of you would have understood without footnotes the sentiment John Masefield, Poet Laureate, expressed recently to *The London Times* to thank them for the solace their crossword puzzles have given to himself and his wife these many years. Yet I for one thought *The London Times*' puzzles pretty tough-going for one of my limited schooling. And they wouldn't find favor with those happily labeled by Helen Mary Hayes, Lincoln, Neb., as puzzlers who want them so easy that they can do them with one hand while ordering groceries or dictating letters with the other. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 499

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A Chinese gong (comp.)

B. Sincere; frank (3 wds.)

C. Set in an upright position; built.

D. An object of purely rational apprehension as opposed to perception.

E. Sophistical reasoning.

F. To cause to penetrate by repeated effort (2 wds.)

G. Natural monument in S. W. Colorado (prehistoric ruins) (2 wds.)

H. The lowest deck of a man-of-war.

I. Marked by careful consideration.

J. City in Poland (Battle in 1914).

K. Disdainful; haughty.

L. A rigorous Oath of Loyalty presented by Congress in 1867.

M. Person of mixed blood (Sp. Am. and Philip.)

N. To represent typically in part a larger whole.

O. English critic, editor, biographer (1832-1904).

P. One who or that which animates.

Q. Repeated insistently.

R. A person inclined to inward reflection.

S. Play by Shakespeare (with *The*).

T. An island in Casco Bay; seat of novel by H. B. Stowe.

U. Straws; the merest trifles.

V. American painters, father and son (1825-94; 1854-1926).

W. Without full preparation (colloq.; 3 wds.)

X. Chief translator of the *Zurich Bible* (1530).

WORDS

169 5 177 166 137 129

2 130 181 36 47 168 41 99 145 81 106 58

86 179 158 133 9 75 13

109 92 142 113 49 131 153 160

116 93 88 124 1 165 31 83

66 178 164 19 150 119

185 74 157 45 79 115 111 28 107 56

173 97 68 11 162

43 64 25 163 156 17 77 7 95 35

12 146 51 84 15 108 172

132 10 138 154 21 110 89 103

183 100 171 128 20 136 118 144

71 3 54 114 167 149 29

126 34 152 27 70 176 120 6 14

78 80 24 57 60 102 65

72 147 182 37 151 101 52 104 42

50 159 22 73 117 38 174 123 61 141

175 4 23 112 94 125 140 82 46

59 67 16 26 155 139 98

134 39 63 8

18 30 32 90 96 161

62 87 143 53 76 121

105 184 48 148 135 91 40 170 69 55

85 33 180 122 44 127

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This advertisement appeared in the SRL for June 12, 1943. Oddly enough, it worked. It worked so well that, in its author's opinion, it deserved to be turned out to pasture. But "Colonel" J. R. Cominsky, SRL business factotum, insists that we run it again. For the usual consideration. Says nothing succeeds like success. Says when you've got a winning horse, bet on him. Claims lightning strikes twice in the same place. We don't believe it; but when you're adrift on a raft it's a good idea to send up another rocket.

Won't You Step Into My Parlor?

By DENT SMITH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'll not beat about the bush, it's subscriptions I'm after.

You've heard of the Seven Lives of Ely Culbertson? Well, I lead only six. This morning I called together the Editor of *Encore*, the Publisher, the Business Manager, the Office Boy, the Chief Contributor and the Chief Clark, and I said to myselves, "Listen, folks,"—that "folks" was just to show them how cool I could be in a crisis—"listen, you complacent quacks, so far it's been only a hobby, but seeing as how the high cost of hobbies is getting higher every day we've got to come alive. We've been printing the blarsted magazine for eighteen months and haven't got enough subscriptions to fill a hatbox. Why don't some of you stir yourselves? Why should I stand the losses while you sit around grinning so damn delighted?"

"If I may make so bold as to say so, sir," said the chief clark, "it might not come amiss to throw out a hook for subscribers. I calculate all six of you—or should I say of us?—will otherwise come to grief."

"Don't know but what the clark's right," said the publisher. "We'll advertise, that's what."

"Right!" exclaimed the business manager. "Public's a yokel, you got to feed 'em yokel-bait. Results prove it, so we'll turn on the customary ballyhoo. Mail the coupon *NOW*; help a poor boy through college; on the 'must' list; a quart of vodka or a hair from Mohammed's beard *FREE* with each trial subscription to be sold at ruinous rates. This abject kind of cajolery—promises, bribes, entreaties, grovellings, interspersed with the usual bombast—is what it takes to fetch 'em and that's how we'll seduce 'em."

At these words I burst into a fit of tears. "Gentlemen," I said upon recovering my composure, "bounders, snake-charmers, you misapprehend. *Encore* will not stoop to such low practices; they are out of keeping with its character, and besides we don't want as readers the morons and dastards who respond to cheap appeals."

"Did you say 'dastards?'" the office boy timidly inquired.

"I admit," I said, "to a slight impediment of speech. However, what would Aristotle or Moses or Voltaire or any of our other authors think? No, my fine feathered buzzards, we'll tell a good, straight story. We'll make a radical reform in the art of subscription-selling. We'll even tell the truth!"

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Encore is an anthology.

It is the Anthology of the Month.

It is the Anthology-of-the-Month Club.

It is a hodge-podge of selections from the writings of Aristotle and P. T. Barnum, of King James I and Ambrose Bierce, of Joseph Smith and H. L. Mencken, and so on to infinity. An *Encore* addict never bats an eye at anything; he knows that next month Horatio Alger, like as not, will be cheek by jowl with Ovid, Rousseau, King Solomon and Jesse James.

It is a literary museum.

It is a work of reference, indexed semi-annually by authors and by titles.

It is a painless education; but its purpose is not educational.

It is designed as entertainment for readers who are already equipped with an education.

It is heterodox, heretical and worldly.

It eschews causes of all kinds.

It seldom makes an effort to be opportune or timely; and it never swings aboard bandwagons.

It is concerned with literature, good, bad, and indifferent—not with current events.

It disdains to make capital out of the war by cashing in purely on patriotic sentiment.

It does not aspire to be everybody's magazine.

It is the delight of judicious readers and the despair of all blockheads and stuffed shirts.

It is a digest-size publication without being a digest; nothing is condensed, nothing synopsized.

"It is," says Bennett Cerf, "the most unusual magazine venture in America today."

"It is," say its readers, "a feast."

It sells, when it sells, for a quarter.

Its subscription rates are $3.00 for one year, $5.00 for two. The move most advantageous for new readers is to subscribe for two years, dating the subscription back to begin with the first number (February, 1942). Such a subscription would expire with the issue of January, 1944. Big inroads have already been made on the reserve of back numbers; soon it will be impossible to obtain an unbroken file of *Encore*.

Encore

DENT SMITH
Editor

DON'T MAIL THE COUPON TODAY UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE IT

Gentlemen:

I feel like it. Enroll me as a cash customer (payment herewith) at once, but only with the distinct understanding that, if for any reason or no reason I should notify you to cancel my subscription, you will forward me a check, subject to neither debate nor delay, to cover the pro-rata amount applicable to any issues not already sent. I elect to subscribe as indicated by a check-mark in one of the three squares below.

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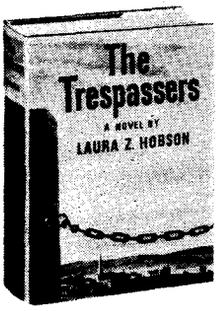

The Trespassers, by Laura Z. Hobson, "brings to the novel a breadth and depth so often lacking in entertainment fiction. It is a novel that deserves readers. It has something to say and it says it with both sincerity and vigor." —Saturday Review of Literature. 30th thousand. $2.75

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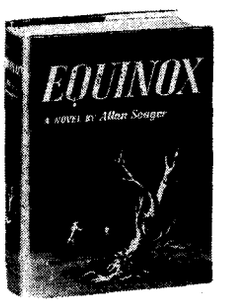

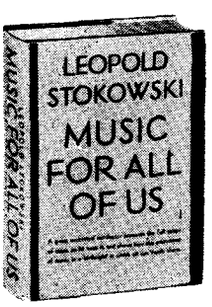

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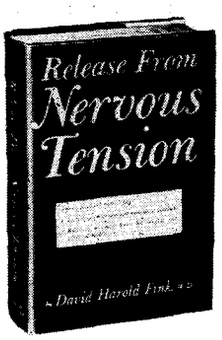

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